

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. IX. *New Series.*

FEBRUARY 1858.

PART L.

A RETROSPECT.

It is often said that it is extremely difficult to know the past in history; but it may be questioned whether it is not even more difficult to comprehend the present. The past is a puzzle because we possess so limited a knowledge of its facts. The river of time is a capricious stream, and brings down upon its current the most heterogeneous collection of waifs and strays conceivable. The more precious materials often sink to the bottom, and are lost for ever; while a heap of almost worthless rubbish contrives to float quietly on, and escapes every peril. Of the thousand details which are necessary to enable us to form a perfectly accurate conception of the men and the events of past times, we have only here a few and there a few; so that when the whole are put together with the utmost possible skill, the result is but a patchwork and a guesswork, which but very partially satisfies any man who knows of what materials it was compounded. The most plausible, brilliant, and life-like histories are for the most part only like one of those ingenious fabrications, made up of fragments of old painted glass, which the ingenuity of the artist-antiquarian fashions out of a basket full of shattered ancient windows. The hues are endless in variety and often undimmed by decay, and the skill of the workman has produced a striking and, at a distance, a beautiful mosaic: but the wiser eye of the critic detects a host of incongruities; and the nearer he carries his investigation, the wider he perceives to be the difference between the complete originals and the venerable-looking compilations before him.

In the case of a present age, the sources of difficulty are, on the whole, of another kind. No doubt each man's knowledge of the bare facts of his own time is extremely limited,

and it is only by comparison with his knowledge of the past that it can be complimented with the terms "satisfactory" and "extensive." It is quite hard enough to get at the real circumstances of any event, until it is brought into the light of an open court of justice, and there sifted by accomplished advocates whose actual earnest object it is, one on one side and the other on the other, to drag every thing that can be known into the light of day. Yet this is not the chief obstacle which stands in our way when we wish to form a just estimate of the events of our own time. There is a twofold source of error, from the influence of which no man can *thoroughly* free himself, and from which few men, practically, even attempt to free themselves.

One of these two consists in our close personal proximity to the objects which we wish to estimate, so that it is almost impossible to judge them as parts of a vast whole. Like a child that holds up its hand before its eyes, and then imagines it to be bigger than the moon, so the simple circumstance that the present has a peculiar living interest to us obscures our vision of every thing not near at hand, whether in time or place; and we form judgments absolutely ridiculous as to the relative importance and truth of what is close before our eyes, as compared with those events or opinions in which we have no personal concern.

The other element of difficulty to which we allude is the fact, that every one of us himself constitutes a personal portion of the mighty aggregate of opinion and feeling which makes up the character of a people or an epoch. We cannot separate ourselves absolutely from our contemporaries, so as to keep our judgments free from all prepossessions, whether against our times or in their favour. We may throw ourselves heartily into the crowd, or we may shoulder and kick every body in it that meets us; but we must feel and submit to its temper and its presence. The saying of the old Roman dramatist is true to an extent which few will admit in their own case: "*Homo sum, humani à me nil alienum puto.*" The passions, the panics, the tastes, the views, which belong to our era, as an era, modify the characters of each individual in the multitude. According to our varying characters, our temperaments, our principles, our past habits, we may acquiesce more or less readily in the views of our time; we may extract from them gall or honey, ignorance or knowledge, folly or wisdom; we may oppose them, or denounce them, or ridicule them, or boast of them: but so surely as we individually form one of the human race, so surely is our daily life, and the whole cast of our religious, social, and

political opinions to some great extent modified by the prevalent tone and temper of our times.

It is surprising, too, how very soon the mightiest events of the world's history begin to lose their influence as realities in the formation of the judgment when once they are numbered among "matters for history." This is one of the causes of the striking difference which is commonly to be observed between the modes in which the young and the old view the passing events of the hour, and of that temper of mind which exists in those who, like Ulysses, have seen the ways of many men and many cities. Age and experience fill the mind with a store of influences which can never be created by the most extensive reading, from the simple cause that events which are absolutely past affect the judgment in so slight a degree as contrasted with the circumstances in which we ourselves have a personal share.

An instance occurs to us which we noted a short time ago, as showing how easily acute minds are led to forget the most significant facts under the dazzling brightness of passing events. The curious reflection of public opinion on the Indian war which the leading articles in the *Times* newspaper have presented during its course must have struck every observant reader; and the straits into which it has at times got itself when it has "anticipated" the popular feeling without meeting any response have been amusing enough. But in all the criticisms on men and things which have appeared from the accomplished writers whose pens the *Times* commands, there has been visible an evident inability to master the nature of the hideous moral phenomena which the mutinies have presented, and which evidently demand a profound analysis on the part of those who would help in governing India for the future. At last the *Times* seemed to have got a clue to the difficulty, and to be in the way of mastering the whole subject. A very cleverly written article appeared, pointing out the actual connection between cruelty, lust, and religion which exists in the religion of an immense portion of the people of India; and showing how vice is thus intensified and systematised, and made to be that which it cannot become in the persons of bad Christians, even such as those who compose the average class of British private soldiers. The idea maintained was, that Christianity necessarily so modifies the passions of man, even by its indirect influence on the irreligious masses, that this circumstance may be taken as a sufficient explanation of the indescribable horrors of the past summer. The essential natures of Christianity as the religion of love and purity, and of Brahminism and Mahometanism

as the creeds of blood-thirstiness and impurity, have been pointed out as a complete solution of this fearful enigma.

Now we would not for a moment overlook the extraordinarily humanising and civilising influence which Christianity has exercised, and does exercise, over the vast masses of human beings who cannot be said to act in practical obedience to her precepts. What Europe now is, as compared to what Europe was two thousand years ago, setting aside the lives of the minority who can be called "religious" in the widest sense of the word, is undeniably owing to the leavening of human society with the morals and spirit of the Gospel. Throughout every nation and rank, down deep into the lowest depths of social existence, are to be seen rays of light permeating the gigantic frame, which the eye of the Christian philosopher traces right up to the source from whence they radiate; and that source is the Christian religion. But neither will the interests of Christianity be advanced, nor shall we gain any practical insight into the mysteries of Eastern life and crime, by overstating one class of facts and overlooking another. And it is well worth while to call attention to the whole case, because the theories of the *Times* are precisely those which are sure to find currency among an immense number of persons of all classes, who are never better pleased with themselves than when they fancy they have found a philosophical and religious explanation of some startling practical enigma.

Remembering, then, all that Christianity has done indirectly for human society, we must not forget that in the very heart of Christian nations phenomena of vice and cruelty have occasionally burst forth, almost, if not quite, as hideous and loathsome as those of which India has been the parent within the year lately ended. And moreover, the horrors of European crime, under the very shadow of the Cross, have endured for a length of time which lends them an atrocity peculiarly their own. Three examples stand out in prominent guiltiness; two of them perpetrated by Catholics, and one by Protestants. There are others of frightful darkness; but the historian would naturally name these three, as perhaps surpassing all others. They are, the horrors of the first French revolution, the conduct of the Spaniards in America, and of the Dutch in their Eastern colonies. Say what we will of the demoniacal lust and cruelty of these Mahometan and Hindoo sepoys, while imagination sickens at the record of what our countrymen and countrywomen have undergone, it is certain that within the last three hundred, the last eighty years, Paris, Mexico, and Amboyna have been as Cawnpore, as

Delhi, and as the track of Nena Sahib. Even ten years ago scenes were enacted in Paris, at the Revolution, which the public writer cannot mention, so foul was the mixture of devilish cruelty and brutal vice. We say nothing of what goes on in the way of systematic sin in London, Paris, and other capitals, every year that passes; though this alone would be enough to show that we are still far from knowing how to deal with India when we have merely contrasted the morals of the Gospel with the morals of Brahminism and of the Koran.

Moreover, if there is any one subject more than another on which popular opinion dogmatizes without knowing what it is talking about, it is the Koran itself. We can assure our readers that the Koran is a very different book from what it is frequently represented to be; and that the cause of the miseries and decay of Oriental kingdoms must be sought for elsewhere as well as in the creed of Mahomet. That this creed acts fatally upon the character and social and political life of the East, is most true; but it is only one cause amongst many, and its nature is not altogether what is frequently imagined. Those who have read the Koran and also the Old Testament are aware that between the morals and discipline of Mahometanism and ancient Judaism and patriarchal religion the difference is not great. The Koran abounds with superstitions and inventions of a transparently absurd and mischievous character; but its morality and its rules are essentially based on the law of Moses. We cannot attribute the atrocities of the Bengalese to the fundamental principles of their creed without striking at a system which, though now superseded by the purer system of the Gospel, once possessed a divine sanction, as adapted to the infirmities of human nature when not elevated and strengthened by the graces of Christianity.

To return, however, to our more immediate subject, and its connection with the phases of specially Catholic opinion, as presented by the period in which we find ourselves bound up. Difficult as it is to estimate justly the events of to-day, and of the last few years in a man's life, it cannot be altogether fruitless to make an occasional attempt at reviewing the more immediate past, as a portion of the great chronicle of time, and with a view to enable ourselves to play our parts, not worse, but better, as time flows on and adds length to our days. And we have ventured to point to the very obvious truths with which we prefaced our remarks, because they appear to us to be, if possible, even more applicable to ourselves, as Catholics, than to those who do not, even professedly,

hold so ancient and so unchanging a faith. It is, indeed, not a little difficult always to bear in mind that the unity and unchangeableness of the Catholic faith is one thing, and the variations in the habits, feelings, and opinions of Catholics are another. An earnest mind, resting on its conviction that it is in possession of a creed unaltered for eighteen hundred years, would seem to be peculiarly liable to invest its own personal "views" and opinions with a measure of that attribute of unwavering stability which belongs to that which comes directly from God alone. It identifies its clear perception of the truth of its premises with an almost mathematical certainty of the correctness of the logic with which it deduces from these premises a large variety of opinions in sundry details of doctrine, customs, and devotions. Few candid persons will hesitate to avow their consciousness of this tendency in themselves; and the more a man knows of the past and of himself, the less likely will he be to be offended with us if we venture to call attention to the fact, as necessary to be remembered by all who would judge fairly of the progress of Catholicism in our time and country. Why, indeed, should we wish to strain the limits of orthodoxy beyond the precise line at which the Church herself has fixed them? Wherever the Council of Trent has left any thing undefined, it really is going too far, for any man, or any section of men, to call one class of opinions "more Catholic" than another, except on a basis of rigid proof; or to claim for the views of the most numerous and respectable names, whether learned or popular, that authority which, however deserving of respect, must, even when carried to its utmost height, remain of a totally different *kind* from that which is reserved for the Church herself alone.

In estimating, then, the progress which Catholicism has made in this empire during the last few years, and in speculating as to its prospects, it strikes us that it is of paramount importance that, whatever our personal opinions and tastes, we should not for a moment forget the very dissimilar opinions and tastes which have existed, and do exist, among persons possessing every whit as much right to their own views as we have to ours. Whether a man's own ideas are correct or erroneous, it is certain that an illiberal condemnation of others, and a narrow-minded conviction of his own infallibility, will never help him to propagate them. Whether the religious ideas which have advanced with such a momentum in various parts of the Church, and especially in this country, during the last fifteen or twenty years, be sound or not, their practical influence on the propagation and healthy

condition of Catholicism cannot be fairly judged by those who forget that, after all, there is such a thing as fashion in religion; and that customs and opinions which at one time, and to one class of minds, appear to be a very reflection of the mind of the Church, in another age, and to another class, wear an aspect diametrically the reverse.

For ourselves, then, we think a matter for very curious speculation is to be found in the character of the religious movement which has taken place in English Catholicism during the present generation; and we have no scruple in confessing an inability to estimate its probable results with any degree of confidence. The movement has been, moreover, of a more than usually complex character, uniting in itself elements not often found in combination. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that rarely has any portion of the Church been subjected to the operation of ideas so varied in kind and so powerful in action. Precisely at the time when, by the change of national legislation, English Catholics find themselves in a new political and social position, their internal condition is suddenly tried by the immigration of an immense number of poor from Ireland, without a corresponding increase in the numbers of the priesthood. At the same time springs up the revival of church building and decoration, with the kindred love for grand functions and the external splendours of religion of all kinds. Add to this, the introduction of an entire class of ideas, imported from continental countries, and of which the previous Catholics of the kingdom had little knowledge—including the whole system of retreats and of frequent confession; the views with respect to the saints and to the Blessed Virgin, of which St. Alphonsus Liguori may be taken as the characteristic exponent; and that peculiar style of devotions which has been taken up by the London Oratory, and has more or less spread in various quarters throughout the kingdom. Under this head must also be classed the diffusion of such books as the series called the *Oratorian Lives of the Saints*, and generally all that aims at producing spiritual perfection on the system of southern countries, as distinguished from that older and calmer system of which Bishop Challoner is often termed the representative. Simultaneously, too, the class of dogmatic and historical opinions known as Ultramontanism has received an animated impulse. The old-fashioned learned and patristic school, if not thrust to the wall, has been either silenced by rebuffs, or consigned to obscurity through the brilliance of other schools of thought, and by the idea that these latter find special favour in the eyes of the highest authorities in the Church.

Lastly, there is the whole convert influence; an influence which no reasonable man can overlook, but which has not been exercised apart from other influence, expending its strength rather in lending energy to the rising ideas of the time than in forming the nucleus for a new and distinct phase of Catholic opinion.

It is but natural, indeed, that converts, as a class, should throw themselves heart and soul into those views which they conceive to be the most practically lively and energetic in the body in which they find themselves as it were beginning life anew. It is not, we think, a bad sign in a convert that he sees all things *couleur de rose*, has more sympathy with zeal than with discretion, and imagines that the new friends among whom he may chance to be personally placed are the only representatives of all that is soundest and most thoroughly Catholic in the whole Church. Of course there is no virtue in exaggeration or extravagance, nor is it a proof of real zeal that a man is hot-headed; but nevertheless, human nature being what it is, it is better to see the infirmities of youth in the spring time of life than the cool wisdom and enlarged views of maturer years. A very old head on young shoulders is seldom a token of a very good heart; and a recent convert who can look on Catholic affairs with perfect philosophic accuracy is—at least usually—somewhat hesitating in his conviction that he has really found her who is the only true representative of the power of Jesus Christ on earth. And the same excuse may, we think, be fairly urged for the terms of severity and needless bitterness with which recent converts sometimes speak of Protestantism and Protestants, and for the indiscreet character of the efforts they sometimes make to lead their own friends to follow their example. The manner in which they occasionally speak of all that is not Catholic in England does, it must be admitted, sometimes shock “old Catholics” of the more tolerant and charitable school; and we fear it has roused a degree of needless bitterness in some quarters without the Church, which it will not be easy to obliterate. In many minds, however, this is but a temporary phase of feeling, and gives way to the softening and liberalising effects of time and increased knowledge. Angry as Protestants naturally are with those who leave their communion,—far above what they feel towards those who are brought up Catholics,—we cannot but hope that *ultimately* the general result will be different, and more satisfactory to those who know that truth wins her way through love, and not through fiery indignation. Already, as every one admits, a remarkable change has taken place for the better. The fact that

there is scarcely a family of respectability in the kingdom which does not number among its connections some "convert to Romanism," has told upon the habitual feelings of English society. When the first bitterness of emotion is past, and converts themselves learn that the world is not to be worried into Catholicism, while their friends perceive that they are still much what they always were, old affections resume their sway, old habits of intercourse are revived, charity is discovered to be the greatest of virtues, and in many and many a household Catholics and Protestants are found mingling in friendship and acquaintance, where before the fiercest intolerance reigned supreme.

And we cannot but hope that as time goes on, and the *facts* of the spiritual and moral world, on both sides, are better known each to the other, the presence of the convert element in English Catholicism will tend to the softening down of many prejudices, and to a union in good-will of those who, if they cannot agree as to what is true in religion, need not be at daggers-drawn in social, political, and practical life.

What will be the permanent result of the general aggregate of influences to which we have recalled attention, we can only repeat that it appears to us impossible to speculate with any certainty. That a change, possibly a reaction, may take place in some matters, is probable, from the known universal laws of human opinion. In the Church, as elsewhere, things which are not strictly of faith rise and fall, spring to life, attain apparent maturity, and then decay. How great is the contrast between the ideas and practices, say, of the south of Italy at this moment, and those of English Catholics fifty years ago; or, again, with those of the patristic period! See how extraordinarily unlike in tone and in their philosophy of the spiritual life, not to mention differences of opinion as to doctrine, are such books as *The Imitation of Jesus Christ* and *The Glories of Mary*; Challoner's *Meditations* and Blessed Henry Suso's *Book of Eternal Wisdom*; or the writings of Bossuet and those of Bellarmine! How different must *apparently* be the results of the steady-going sobriety which was content with Peach's sermons, and confession once a quarter, with that eagerness which demands the stimulant of an annual retreat, and the daily use of the various public devotions which London and other large towns now so liberally afford!

We are not for a single instant drawing a *comparison* between the two; we only point attention to the remarkable contrast of feeling and opinion which may exist in the very same country, in the course of a short period, in connection

with the circumstance that our newer fashions have not yet been sufficiently long in vogue to enable us to judge them by their results, while the practical effects of the elder system are open to the consideration of all who really know the past.

Nor, further, must we forget that when the ideas of one period are compared with those of another not long past, the comparison is really little more than a comparison between two different stages of opinion in the lives of the very same individual men and women. When it is said that the views of the Catholics of to-day are not the same as those of the Catholics of fifteen years ago, it really means much the same as the statement that most Catholics have changed their opinions on many points during the last ten or twenty years. And what is there to be ashamed of in this? And what will there be to be ashamed of, if we go on enlarging our knowledge of facts, and consequently modifying many of our ideas and changing our habits? When a man boasts that he never changes his opinions, we conclude that either he has no opinions to change, or that he is stating what is untrue. A man who at fifty holds precisely the opinions he held at twenty, or at thirty, must be a very offensive specimen of conceit, or something very like a fool. His *principles*, indeed, a wise and good man rarely changes, many never change them; but his views of men and things, and of the relative importance of distinct facts and distinct truths, his perception of the harmony of nature and grace, his conceptions of the grandeur and goodness of God,—all these things are subject to a daily and hourly enlargement, simply because he began life knowing nothing, and because during every instant of his existence he has been noting fresh realities, comprehending fresh distinctions, and rendering his faculties keener by their frequent and honest employment.

When, therefore, we remember in how many points of detail the religious notions of this present day are dissimilar to those of two or three generations, nay, of one generation ago, we find the explanation in the fact that a variety of novelties has been placed before the eyes of this generation, under circumstances which have loudly called for its earnest attention to them. And when we at times anticipate some further modifications of feelings and ideas in those matters which the Church has left open to private opinion, we merely carry out the same principle of interpretation a little further. A store of practical wisdom is now being laid up on many points by all active, honest, and reflecting Catholics; not that superficial knowledge which rests only on report, or

on theory, or on books, but which is based on experience, and on those facts of human nature which come under a man's personal cognisance. It were, then, unjust to imagine, that after all the experiments which energetic zeal is making for the good of man, we should be no wiser at the end than we are now. And knowing this, and being convinced that in no other part of Christendom are there more elements of sincere piety and honest zeal than those which exist among the Catholics of this kingdom, we cannot but look forward with hope to the future, and believe that, as time runs on, many a difficulty will have worked its own remedy, and many an opinion, towards which we are now feeling our way, will be comprehended and embraced with all the grasp of an enlightened conviction.

Abroad, the prospects of Catholic opinions are full of interest; but they abound with elements whose operation will probably defeat all calculations. Opinions exist under conditions which would seem to portend many an unexpected result. In France alone, it is easy to see sources of many troubles. The relations between the Empire and the Church are of the most delicate description, while French Catholics are utterly at variance as to their views of political science. What practical antagonism can be more intense than that which is represented on the one side by M. de Montalembert, and on the other by the *Univers* newspaper? The Ultramontanism, too, which now is dominant in France is not the same Ultramontanism as that of the extreme Italian schools. And what is to be looked for from the working of the new Concordat in Austria? Will it bring peace, or only postpone a conflict, all the more fierce in the end for being postponed? What will Belgium do? And what Sardinia? They have no more idea of turning Protestant, or of rejecting the spiritual authority of the Holy See, than the College of Cardinals itself. What, too, will be the results of the past and coming conflicts on Church-property, and kindred matters, on which every Catholic has a right to his private opinion? And what if the Pope is again driven from Rome, and Napoleon no longer alive, and Austria shaken by internal disasters? What, when Naples has at last its moral and political, as well as its physical earthquake? What of the conflicts of opinion between orthodoxy and separatism in Russia and in the East?

Every where are the elements of the strife of opinion, even where there will probably be no strife of arms. Who can say what fire shall be struck out by the collision of elements now cold as flint and steel? Who can say what old

theories will be reproduced under the excitement of new events, what popular ideas will be overthrown, what venerable errors and abuses uprooted, or what venerable institutions laid low? How unlike were men's opinions before and after Constantine! How unlike in the dark and in the middle ages; how unlike before and after the Reformation! Can they remain unchanged in an era of steam-communication, telegraphs, public opinion, newspapers, parliaments, antiquarian and critical research, and a freer personal intercourse between men of all classes, creeds, and countries? One thing alone is certain. Time will flow on; and nothing but that which *is* the word of God will remain unchanged, whatever be the fate of the thousand new and old ideas which men have invented for themselves, and invested with a sacredness and authority which belongs to the one original revelation from heaven, and to that alone.

THE ANGLICAN PRIESTHOOD.

"If Barlow was not consecrated," says Courayer, "the English ordinations are ruined past all remedy." But English divines will not allow this; they say that Barlow was assisted by three Bishops, about the orders of one of whom at least (Hodgkins) not a doubt can be raised. Now all these imposed hands on Parker, and all pronounced the words of consecration; if, therefore, any one was a real Bishop, that one consecrated Parker validly.

To this we answer, first, that it is very uncertain whether all did both impose hands and pronounce the words. In the Roman Catholic form of consecration all the assistant Bishops do so. In the Anglican form the rubric is altered, and the Archbishop or consecrating prelate alone pronounces the words. Now it is absurd to suppose that Baptism is conferred by pouring water only, without using the form of words; or the Eucharist consecrated by one who takes bread into his hands, but makes no commemoration of the words of Christ. So neither are orders conferred by one who only imposes hands, but says nothing. In the English ordinal, therefore, the assisting Bishops are only witnesses, but in no sense consecrators. Barlow, Parker's consecrator, was one of the prelates who drew up the English ordinal, and therefore was very unlikely to have changed it. Moreover Parker, or his secretary John Jocelyn (in the short history of Parker's life

in the *Antiquitates Britannicæ*), declares that he used "the very same solempnitie and manner of consecration (that was used towards himself) towards his brethren Bishops upon whom afterward he laid his hand." And there we know by the registers that he alone pronounced the words. Again, Parker's register declares that the consecration was *juxta formam libri auctoritate parlamenti editi*, according to the form of the book published by authority of parliament, *i.e.* the Prayer-Book of Edward VI., in which the rubric directs the consecrating prelate only to pronounce the words.

Against this we have the testimony of the register, which says that all four Bishops laid hands on Parker, and *dixerunt Anglice* (said in English), "Take the Holy Ghost, and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is in thee by imposition of hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love and soberness." After this, they delivered the Holy Bible into his hands, using to him words to this effect: "Give heed unto thy reading, exhortation, and doctrine; think upon those things contained in this book; be diligent in them, that the increase coming thereby may be manifest unto all men: take heed unto thyself and unto thy teaching, and be diligent in doing them; for by doing this thou shalt save thyself and them that hear thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Now we ask any unprejudiced person, who considers the unsacramental hortatory form of these words, whether it is more likely that they were mumbled out by four persons at once, contrary to the rubric, contrary to every principle and feeling of Protestants, especially contrary to the prejudices of Coverdale, one of the four, who would not even appear in a surplice; or that the registrars, who had been accustomed to the Catholic form, where the three words, *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*, are so pronounced, inadvertently used *dixerunt* for *dixit*? These registrars were not infallible, nor were they over-careful people; we have already noticed a blunder they committed about Coverdale, or Scory. To pin our faith, even our hopes of salvation, on their *obiter dicta*, their by-sayings, —nay more, on a single word which they may have used only to obviate the trouble of having to reconstruct a Latin sentence,—is frightfully hazardous and presumptuous. And if they did make a mistake, as there is every reason to suspect, then Anglican orders depend on Barlow alone; and what a broken reed he is we sufficiently proved in our last article.

We have now to proceed to the other questions which we promised to discuss. The first of these is, whether the form prescribed by the ordinal of 1552 is valid. Now we concede

without difficulty that the form considered in itself, if used in a Church where there is a true notion of priesthood, would be valid. But it does not thence follow that it was valid in England, much less that the very adoption of this form can be defended from a charge of temerarious presumption, which by itself proves that the Anglican body at that period cared nothing at all about the security of their succession.

Our grounds for this assertion are two—political and theological. First, the Protestants were in such a hurry to get rid of the old Catholic ordinal, that they risked all kinds of legal difficulties in order to introduce a new one as soon as possible. The new ordinal was first authorised to be drawn up 3 and 4 Edward VI. c. 12. It was composed and published by March 1549-50, and Cranmer immediately began to act upon it; the first Bishop to be consecrated after that date was John Ponet for the see of Rochester, 29th June 1550, when the new rite was used. Yet it was only authorised 5 and 6 Edward VI. c. 1, § 5, in 1552. It was swept away entirely by Mary, in 1553. When Elizabeth came to the throne, her first care was to restore the Common Prayer of Edward VI. An act was passed for that purpose, but by some oversight no mention was made of the ordinal. When, therefore, in 1559, Parker was to be consecrated, it became a question what rite was to be used. They would not use the Catholic rite; therefore the lawyers determined, “the order of King Edward’s book is to be observed, for that there is none other special made in this last session of parliament.” On this William Cecil, the prime mover of the whole matter, writes a note: “This book is not established by parliament.”* But in spite of its being unsanctioned, and therefore invalid in law, they determined to go on with it; every body knows the consequence. When Bonner objected to Horne of Winchester that he was no true Bishop, and therefore incompetent to require the oath from him, the judges of the land were unable to affirm the legality of Horne’s consecration; and a retrospective act of parliament had to be made (8 Elizabeth, c. 1, § 3), declaring that all ordinations made according to the new rite were to be considered valid to all intents and purposes. Such was the utter recklessness with which things were done in those days, that they did not wait for legal securities, but risked every thing for the present favour of men in office.

Secondly, though it is true that the more general opinion at the present day is, that the only essential matter and form of orders are imposition of hands and prayer, yet when the Anglican ordinal was framed the great majority of scholastics

* State-Paper Office, Dom. Eliz. vol v. no. 25.

held that the essential matter was the tradition of the sacred vessels. Dr. Champney tells us that the only schoolman who asserted the present opinion, argued for it on these grounds: three Bishops are essential to consecrate a Bishop; but the only thing which the three do together is to impose hands, and invoke the Holy Ghost; this, therefore, is the only essential matter and form. The argument, besides erroneously assuming that three Bishops are essential, was certainly not applicable to the Anglican ordinal, where the assistants only impose hands without any invocation. The theologian, therefore, who was with them on one point was doubly against them on another. They must therefore have known that their proceedings were against the opinion of Christendom; that none but themselves thought the form sufficient; that it was therefore extremely rash and scandalously reckless to adopt it, when they could not possibly have *known* its sufficiency. It was a random shot, fired by people who did not care whether they hit the mark or not. "The new form of ordination," says Champney,* "was not established by parliament on any grounded persuasion that it was conformable to the manner used by the Apostles; but rather as a mean, both to leave the Catholic manner and yet to retain some external semblance of ordination;" the world not being yet ripe for their refined religion in its nakedness. Even still, the general opinion mentioned above is only the most probable: if the tradition of the vessels is accidentally omitted, it must be supplied; and if not supplied, the ordination is considered doubtful, and that though the consecrator was an undoubted Bishop in full communion with Rome. *A fortiori*, it is doubtful when conferred by Barlow in the Anglican schism. Yet we will not pretend that these things by themselves invalidate the Anglican succession. We only adduce them to show the *animus* of the first reformers; their heedless disregard of consequences, the absence of any anxiety to be right, unscrupulous rashness, and, in fine, the secret intention of abolishing the sacerdotal succession, and every vestige of a sacrificing priesthood.

But what have we to do with secret intentions? asks the Anglican. We deny *in toto* your doctrine about intention, which we say invalidates your Sacraments, so that you can never be sure you have them at all.

What, then, is the Catholic doctrine of intention? First of all, as even Anglicans confess, and bear witness against Wicliffites, Hussites, Albigenses, and the like, "the unworthiness of the ministers hinders not the effect of the Sacra-

* Vocation of Bishops, p. 161.

ment." "Non nocet," says Innocent III.,* "malitia Episcopi vel presbyteri neque ad baptismum infantis, neque ad Eucharistiam conferendam, vel ad cætera ecclesiastica officia,"—"the malice of the officiating Bishop or priest does not hurt the Sacraments they administer." Next, "there are three things necessary for the Sacrament of the Eucharist: a certain person, namely a priest, regularly ordained by a visible tangible Bishop, and properly set apart for this office; next, the solemn words of the canon; and thirdly, the *faithful intention* of the person uttering them." Eugenius IV., in his Bull to the Armenians, repeated this more clearly: "All Sacraments require three things—the things as matter, the words as form, and the person of the minister to confer the Sacrament with *the intention of doing what the Church does.*" This expression was adopted by the Fathers of the Council of Trent, and sanctioned by an anathema:† "If any one says that an intention *at least of doing what the Church does* is not required in ministers who consecrate or confer the Sacraments, be he anathema;" so again in the fourth canon *de Baptismo*.

It had been previously used by the Council of Florence, which said that a woman, a pagan, or a heretic, might, in cases of necessity, be minister of baptism, "provided that the person observed the form of the Church, *and* intended to do what the Church does." Here the observance of the ceremonies seems to be made a distinct thing from intending to do what the Church does, as if the ceremonies might be used without the intention: hence perhaps Alexander VIII. prohibited the proposition, "Baptism is valid when conferred by a minister who observes the whole external rite and form of baptising, but internally resolves in his heart, 'I do not intend what the Church does.'" Hence the safer school of Catholics teaches that what the Church does is not the mere external ceremony, but the whole act, external and internal. The Church, they say, does what Christ does, that is, the whole Sacrament; and in what she does she is not to be separated from Christ. The Church and Christ, although distinguishable in reason, are mystically one; and therefore unless the minister have the intention of really doing what Christ does, he does not confer the Sacrament. But, as Anglicans utterly reject this doctrine of intention, it is futile to insist upon it in arguing with them; indeed, they turn round upon us and say, that if such intention is requisite for its validity, we can never be sure that we have a valid Sacrament. Stories are told of Jews, still Jews in heart, being Archbishops and Bishops in Spain; how can we tell what their intention was?

* Ep. d. 4 id Maii 1210.

† Sess. vii. can. 11.

With them, therefore, we must take the lower ground, and use the opinion of Catherinus, that external intention only is requisite in the minister; that is to say, it is only when sacramental matter and form are used inadvertently, or in joke, that they do not constitute Sacraments. Even Anglicans must admit that these defects of intention invalidate Sacraments. For example, if a priest at dinner, with a loaf of bread before him, in the course of argument with a Protestant happens to pronounce the words *hoc est corpus meum*, does he consecrate? If a Bishop in earnest talk puts his hand on a man's shoulder and says, "I hope and pray that you may receive the Holy Ghost, and be a good priest or Bishop," does he ordain or consecrate him? Is the grace of God so tied to the form of words, that the effect *must* follow with whatever intention they are uttered, so that if a priest pronounces the words of consecration by accident in a baker's shop he converts all the loaves into the Body of our Lord? The idea is preposterous. Some doctrine of intention is quite necessary; and that of Catherinus is the lowest possible. Luther certainly taught that a priest absolving in jest really absolved:* and the Council of Trent denounced all who "trusted so much to faith as to fancy themselves absolved, though they had no contrition, and though the priest had no intention of acting seriously and absolving truly;" and declared that "the man would be most careless of his salvation, who knew that a priest absolved him in joke, and yet did not look for one who would act seriously."† The use of the right matter and form inadvertently, or in joke, therefore, does not constitute a Sacrament. Now suppose that the Anglican ordinal preserves the true matter and form for making a priest, we assert that this preservation was inadvertent and unintentional.

Put the case in this way. If a Bishop, called upon to ordain a priest, should object that he believed neither in the apostolic succession, nor in the sacerdotal character of the priesthood; but afterwards, from secular motives, should consent to confer the orders: if he used the matter and form prescribed by the Church, he would certainly confer a valid Sacrament in spite of his disbelief. But suppose that the person to be ordained, and those who demanded his ordination, all chimed in and said, "Neither do we believe in the succession, nor in the sacerdotal power; therefore alter the matter and form of the Sacrament so as to leave out the expression of these doctrines." Suppose hereupon they should leave out the phrase, "Take power to offer sacrifice to God, and to celebrate Mass for the living and the dead," from the

* Eleventh prop. condemned by Leo X. † Sess. xiv. cap. vi. and can. 9.

ordinal of priests, as expressive of the sacerdotal character, and retain only, "Receive the Holy Ghost: whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of His holy Sacraments," as being expressive of a certain *ministerial*, not *sacerdotal*, power, which alone they intended to confer. Suppose, at the same time, they abolished the liturgy of the Mass, denounced the doctrine of Transubstantiation, or indeed of any Real Presence at all, except in the heart of the believer, carefully weeding out every mention of oblation, sacrifice, or any other sacerdotal act. It is clear, if, in spite of all these endeavours, the form still retained is in itself sufficient to confer sacerdotal power, it is so only accidentally, and is used in such sense quite inadvertently,—that the officiating prelate who uses it with the intention of conferring *ministerial* powers only, no more confers the sacerdotal powers by it, than the priest who in the course of argument says the words *hoc est corpus meum* while sitting at the breakfast-table consecrates the bread he holds in his hand, because he does not intend to do what the Church does.

Hence, even supposing that the doctrine of intention only guarded against accidental consecrations, without invalidating a single act where the form and matter are used, with whatever *private intention* the minister might use them, it by no means follows that it guards the Sacraments in the same way against a *public and notorious intention*, especially when that intention declares itself by a change in the received form of celebrating the Sacrament, and such a change as is intended to exclude that which is an essential part. The Mass is abolished, and declared blasphemous; but a new religious service is invented, in which the form and matter of the Sacrament are retained. Yet before he begins, the priest turns to the people and says: "Observe, I have made great changes in the rite, in order to show that there is no Real Presence, no sacrifice; you all bear me witness that the words I utter, though the same as the *hocus-pocus* of the old massing priests, are intended to operate no essential change in the elements." Does the use of the form and matter under such circumstances operate against the publicly expressed will and intention of the minister and his conventicle, and effect that which he intended it should not effect? In other words, let us ask the ministers of the Establishment, Do you, in spite of articles, homilies, and the concurrent voice of all your doctors, make the bread which you take in your hands into the Body of Christ which was born of the Virgin Mary and crucified on

the cross? Have you a power as individuals which your Church repudiates as a body? Can you strain your intentions beyond her meaning? And is not her meaning with regard to the sacrifice of Christ in the Eucharist, and His real presence under the species of the elements, only too distinct, too plain?

But if you doubt what to answer about this Sacrament, take the case of another. In Baptism and the Eucharist there is this peculiarity, that there is but one Baptism, one Eucharist,—that the matter or form of these Sacraments cannot be used for any other ecclesiastical purpose than to confer them, and them alone. But as for the matter of imposition of hands, and the form, "Receive the Holy Ghost," they are applicable to all sorts of intentions. There is one Spirit, but different gifts, says the Apostle, in a text which the reformers were always quoting: "And He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors and teachers." There were also elders, presbyters, or priests; a word which *need* signify nothing sacerdotal, and which the English reformers, in order to deceive the people, determined to retain. An elder, who is a mere teacher, a preacher of the Word, and a dispenser of Sacraments identical with the Jewish, requires the gift of the Spirit; therefore requires the imposition of hands. Let us therefore retain the word 'priest' in this signification of elder, and ordain him with convenient matter and form for the function of minister. Now as there are different gifts of the Spirit, all given by imposition of hands and prayer, how can you be sure that you get one when you seek another? If there was but one gift given by these means, you might perchance attain it accidentally by the use of the means, though with a wrong intention; but when there are different gifts, and you solemnly repudiate one, and claim another, with what face can you, half a century afterwards, turn round and tell us that you had the one you repudiated? You would not be sacerdos, but chose only to be presbyter. Is it likely that you were surprised into being made sacerdos instead of mere presbyter, when the form used was (to put the case mildly) indifferent for either?*

* We have purposely weakened our argument, to adapt it to Anglican scruples about intention; if we had taken the higher ground, it would have run thus: since imposition of hands is in itself an indifferent ceremony, applicable to benedictions, to confirmation, to cures, as well as to orders, its meaning must be determined by some special intention. In the ordination of priests, the Church intends by imposition of hands to convey a sacrificial power. The Anglican reformers, on the contrary, intended *not* to convey a sacrificial power: their use, therefore, of imposition of hands was *toto cælo* different from that of the

It was this want of sacrificial authority which furnished the great argument of the English Catholic doctors of the sixteenth century against the new Anglican ministry. Thus Cardinal Allen :

“Among the scoffs there is one chief, that touches not our persons only, but the whole order of priests. We are called ‘massing priests’ not only in the queen’s proclamation, but also by the new preachers in their pulpits (those true ‘seats of the scornful’), to show their contempt and scorn. Now although this name is used in most unseemly wise in the proclamation (which ought to be a serious document), we interpret it as a confession that we Catholics, who alone make use of true sacerdotal powers, are really distinguished from the new Calvinist ministers, whom the people, because of their sham imitation of our divine worship, usually call priests : though the Protestants themselves avoid the name, and with reason ; for their ministers have no right to be called so, because they have no more power to administer the Sacraments of Christ (except Baptism, which a woman may confer) than they have to create a new sun or moon.

The Church of God acknowledges no other priests ; Christ himself ordained no other priesthood than those whom our enemies scornfully call ‘massing priests.’ For to them alone, and not to others, did our Saviour give power to consecrate and offer His Body and Blood : and this is the same as saying Mass, or offering sacrifice.”*

But, says Courayer,† the English have always admitted the Eucharistic sacrifice ; they allow “ a representative and commemorative sacrifice, *which is no ways different from that of the cross*, and which bears its name because it is the image and memorial of it, and *because the same victim is there offered.*” Courayer was abominably hoaxed by some High-Church Anglican, if he really believed this statement. The English always admitted this, forsooth ! However, leaving the fact at present without settlement, Courayer here owns that if, during any single generation of ministers, the Eucharistic sacrifice, identical with that of the cross, and consisting of the same victim, was denied, such denial invalidates their orders then, and of course ever after. For that which a man has not, he cannot give. Bramhall admits as much : “ They

Church ; and consequently, as they neither did, nor intended to do, what the Church does, their ordination was null and void. If it be objected that they called their ministers priests and Bishops in the ordinal, this does not prove the intention. They hanged all sacrificing priests ; therefore their priests were not sacrificing priests. Their Bishops held no more the same office with a Catholic Bishop (that of *summus sacerdos*) than an elector of Westminster with an Elector of Hanover.

* Apology for the Priests of the Society and of the Seminaries against the Proclamation, chap. vi. ; apud Bridgewater, *Concertatio*, fol. 168 b.

† Apology, chap. xii.

who are ordained priests ought to have power to consecrate the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, that is, to make them present after such manner as they were present at the first institution."* But of course, like all heretics, he appeals to his Bible, and declares that then they were not present as the Church teaches they were, namely, substantially and really, under the species of the elements. This appeal to Scripture is the dodge of all heretics. The Sabelian or Unitarian believes in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, "as they are taught in Scripture." The Pelagian believes in original sin, "as found in the Bible." But all refuse alike to believe these doctrines as the Church defines them; they will be their own judges, and will not listen for a moment to the condemnation that the whole Church pronounces against them.

But now as to the *fact*. Do Anglicans even yet believe in the Real Presence? Will they worship It? This is the test. Worship follows faith, says St. Augustine. The rule of both is the same. They use Catholic words; but not in a Catholic sense. Nor did they always use Catholic words; for three-quarters of a century at least it was excommunication, if not death, to believe in the real presence of Christ in the elements. The only Real Presence tolerated was that of Christ in the soul of the faithful receiver, as taught by the "judicious" Hooker, who in his day was looked upon as a marvel of boldness for daring to teach even this. Poor Cheney, the Bishop of Gloucester, whose faith on this point was sound, refused to attend the Convocation of London in April 1571, where some of the lingering Catholic usages were to be denounced, especially those that seemed to point towards a belief in the Real Presence, or the Eucharistic sacrifice. Those who administered communion were thenceforth to put the bread, not into people's mouths, but into their hands; they were to use no ceremonies or gestures not appointed by the Book of Common Prayer.† All altars were to be pulled down, and the altar-stones defaced and put to some common use—generally that of paving-stones in the porch, that all feet might trample on that whereon sacrifice had been offered. Cheney was the *only one* who protested against this; and that not openly, but only by absenting himself: and for this he was excommunicated by Parker and the other Bishops! But it is of no use to collect testimonies,—that has been done authoritatively by the judge who decided on the stone-altar case; he showed that the Church of Eng-

* Consecration of Protestant Bishops vindicated, chap. xi.

† Collier's Eccl. Hist. in ann. 1571.

land has no real and proper sacrifice, and therefore no altar ; therefore, again, no priesthood, and no Real Presence.

It is foolish to pretend that there can be a real presence of the Lamb of God without a sacrifice. He is the ever-living Victim ; where He is, He is present as the sin-offering for the world. When He comes into the hands of His priests, and is held in their hands, and elevated in the sight of angels and men, as an act of homage to the Eternal Father, it is a sacrifice. To deny it, is to deny that Christ is still the Lamb of God ; it is to deny that He has taken His own blood to heaven, and that He ever lives there to be our propitiatory victim. The Real Presence and the sacrifice go together ; the Church of England in its origin, and for three-quarters of a century, denied both. In the exigences of controversy, some of her doctors admitted sometimes one, sometimes the other ; but only unreally and deceitfully, as the Arians admitted the eternal Sonship. Sometimes they would admit with Cranmer that He was "present sacramentally ;" by which, as Dr. Heskins pointed out, they meant, "much as the wine is present in the bush that hangs at the tavern-door to denote it, or the husband's love in the wedding-ring ; which manner of presence is next door to nothing." Or with Hooker, they would deny any real presence in the bread, of which our Lord says, "This is My Body," and would place it hypothetically in the believer's soul. Sometimes they would, with Zuiniglius, deny it altogether. So about the sacrifice. Jewell, pressed by Harding, will allow a sacrifice of praise, of thanksgiving, of our own bodies, of a commemoration or representation of the death of Christ ; but of Christ himself never. "You will say, Ye offer not up Christ really unto God His Father. No, Mr. Harding, neither we nor you can so offer Him ; nor did Christ ever give you commission to make such sacrifice." Nay, if any man pretended to make such a sacrifice, queen, bishops, clergy, and Protestant laity, conspired together to hang him without mercy. "How does a man dare," asks Lawrence Humphrey, Regius Professor of Theology and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, "to accuse Judge Manhood of cruelty ; and defend Maine, the sacrificer, the Mass-sayer, the Bull-bearer, whom he hanged ?" This sentence of the "Jesuitismus" occurs in a passage where Humphrey is striving to prove that our martyrs were not executed for religion. It was not religion to pretend to sacrifice. "You say," he writes in another place, "if they visit our churches, 'they will be deprived of the benefit and privilege of the Catholic religion, the sacrifice of the altar.' Happy loss, to lose the papistical sacrifice, which derogates from the Passion of

Christ! No loss, but gain! ‘They will not see the angels ascending and descending at the elevation of the Body of Christ.’ We are not so mad as to think there are any angels present there, where Christ neither is nor wishes to be present; nor will we profess to see what nobody ever saw or could see.”* Again, “The Jesuits are more sacrilegious than the Pharisees: these only sacrificed cattle; the Jesuits offer the Body of Christ to the Father—they elevate it, and devour it.”† The means which were used to impose this misbelief on the English people may be seen from the speech of Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, in the Parliament of 1559, against Elizabeth’s reforms.

“Dr. Cranmer was so contrary to himself in this matter, that in one year he did set forth a catechism, dedicated to Edward VI., wherein he doth most constantly affirm and defend the real presence of Christ’s Body in the holy Eucharist; and very shortly after he did most shamefully deny the same, falsifying both the Scriptures and doctors, to the no small admiration of all learned readers. Dr. Ridley, the notablest learned of that opinion in this realm, did set forth at Paul’s Cross the real presence of Christ’s Body in the Sacrament, with these words (which I heard, being there present), ‘How that the devil did believe that the Son of God was able to make the stones bread; and we English people, that do confess that Jesus Christ was the very Son of God, yet will not believe that He did make of bread His very Body. Therefore we are worse than the devil, seeing that our Saviour . . . took bread, and said . . . This is My Body, which shall be given for you.’ And shortly after, the same Dr. Ridley, notwithstanding this speech at Paul’s Cross, did deny the same; and in the last book of Dr. Cranmer and his complices (the very one which the bill under discussion was to restore), the words *Hoc est corpus meum* did so trouble their wits, that they left out the verb substantive *est*, and made Christ’s words in English thus; ‘Take, eat, this My Body,’ and not, ‘this is My Body.’ This thing being espied by others, and great fault found with it, they were fain to patch up the matter with a little piece of paper clapped over the foresaid words, whereon was written the verb substantive *est*.”‡

In Cranmer’s days the English were not quite ripe for his reforms; but in the first year of Elizabeth, before any reforming law was carried, the people began “spoiling the churches, pulling down the altars, treading the Sacrament under their feet, and hanging up the Knave of Clubs in the place thereof;” and the new clergy encouraged them. They taught that there was no “change of the substance of bread

* p. 134.

† p. 174.

‡ Somers Tracts, vol. i. p. 81. Spoken April 16, against the second reading of the bill for the introduction of the Common Prayer.

and wine;" that the Body is only given, taken, and eaten after a heavenly and spiritual (by which they meant *unreal*) manner; that the Sacrament may not be elevated or worshipped (Art. 28); and that the sacrifice of Christ in the Mass for quick and dead was a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit (Art. 31). The Bishops called those priests who refused to forsake the priesthood and become ministers* "wicked impes of Antichrist,"† "hedge-priests,"‡ "beasts,"§ "*Romanenses sacrificuli*," "bloody butchers of Christ," "shamble ministers," "conjurors." If they retained a form of ordination which in itself was sufficient to confer a power of which they thought such scorn, was it not simply through inadvertence, and against their will, and therefore no more valid than the words *hoc est corpus meum* inadvertently pronounced?

Again, at the time when such notions of the priesthood were rife, what notions of the apostolic succession would there be? There was no miracle in the Eucharist; it was a mere memorial, that any layman might make. What need of the succession of supernatural power or authority where none such was wanted, where there was no supernatural work to perform? What wonder then, if, as in the "*Catena Patrum*" for the Eucharistic sacrifice, the authors of the *Tracts for the Times* had to leave out all the first and second generations of English reformers, except Jewell, the "irreverent dissenter," whose testimony makes directly against them, and to begin with Bilson, Hooker, Overall, Field, and the divines of the close of the sixteenth century, so in the *Catena* on apostolical succession all the earlier "fathers" had to be passed over likewise! If they had but gone back to the spokesmen of the English Church in 1580, to those whom the government and Bishops of England put forward to conduct the controversy with the "Romanists," whom they racked before conference and hanged afterwards,—they would have found a different kind of testimony. "I would not have you think," says Dr. Whitaker, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, "that we make such reckoning of your orders as to hold our own vocation unlawful without them."|| Afterwards, when harder pressed by Bellarmine and Stapleton, he said, "Though our Bishops and ministers be not ordained by papistical Bishops, yet they are orderly and lawfully ordained." He maintains that the "ordination" of the French

* Archbishop Parker tendered a submission to Sir John Southworth, expressing his contrition for having "relieved certain priests who had refused the ministry." State-Paper Office, Domestic, July 13, 1568.

† Dom. Eliz. vol. xviii. no. 21. ‡ vol. xix. no. 18. § vol. xx. no. 5.

|| Answer to Campion's Ten Reasons, Op. tom. i. p. 225.

Calvinists by a lay cobbler was lawful; and taunts his adversaries that they account none lawful pastors but such as are created according to their form or order. Dr. Fulke, another cruel enemy of our martyrs, and Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, says, "You are highly deceived if you think we esteem your offices of Bishops, priests, and deacons better than laymen; . . . and with all our hearts we defy, abhor, detest, and spit at your stinking, greasy, Antichristian orders."* Yes, this "greasing" was the mark of the very thing they wished to get rid of, the sacerdotal sacrificial power: "Thou shalt pour the oil of unction upon his head; and *by this rite shall he be consecrated*. Thou shalt bring also Aaron and his children, and put mitres upon them, and they shall be priests to me by a *perpetual ordinance*."† So they abolished, defied, abhorred, detested, and spat at the holy unction; if what they retained was in itself sufficient to confer this power they so hated, what was it but an accident, an inadvertence?

Harding, writing against Jewell,‡ says:

"Epiphanius writeth of Zaccheus, *Ludenter sancta mysteria tractabat; et sacrificia, cum laicus esset, impudenter tractabat* ('He illudiously handled the sacred mysteries; and whereas he was a layman, impudently took in hand the sacrifices'). What sacrifices, I pray you, hath your religion that a layman may not handle as well as a priest? But because you have abandoned all external sacrifice and priesthood, therefore you judge this example belongeth not unto you."

Jewell had declared that the example touched not the Anglicans, because their Bishops were made "in form and order." Harding answered, that they did touch them in this point, "because priests are not so consecrated with you that they may stand to offer the sacrifice of the altar." Bristow, Sanders, Stapleton, made the same objection: You have no orders, for your ministers have no sacrifice to offer that laymen may not offer as well. This opinion was shared by the Anglicans. In 1582, Dr. Aubrey, Archbishop Grindal's Vicar-General, acknowledged Scotch Presbyterian orders: this had been already done on a much larger scale for ministers ordained abroad. The consecrations of the Bishops were conducted in most slovenly style. Udall, a Protestant writer,§ complains of the "unreverent beginning and proceeding with the ordaining of Church ministers in a corner." We do not believe the Nag's-head fable; but neither do we believe in

* Fulke's Answer of a true Christian, p. 50; and Retentive against Bristow's Motives, p. 69.

† Exod. xxix. 7-9.

‡ Detection of sundry foul Errors, &c. p. 234.

§ Demonstration of Discipline, p. 43.

the prim decency of Parker's register. Consecrations and ordinations *were* "unreverently" performed by the first Elizabethan Bishops. On the 17th of June 1586, William Johnson, the secretary of Adderton, Bishop of St. David's, informs the Privy Council of some particulars of his master's conduct; among the rest we are told that,

"At another time he made two ministers in Kent in the house of one Whiskerd, a minister also, and commanded me to make their letters of orders; which I did, and set down these words, *in ædibus* such a one, naming Whiskerd (whose Christian name I cannot remember): whereat my Lord Bishop was angry, and said that I should have set them down *made in the church*. My answer was, that I desired his lordship to pardon me in that, because I might be called to justify the truth upon my oath, which then must be contrary to my writing, whereunto I would not consent."*

It is not our intention here to *prove* that the priesthood of the new law is a sacrificing priesthood. It would take us too long to do so in the present article; we only say, that *if* it is, if the 200,000,000 of Catholics and 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 of orthodox Orientals,—not to mention the other Eastern heretics, who, however, are orthodox on this point,—happen to be right, while the Protestants are wrong, then the Protestant succession is null, even though the form of ordination is sufficient for a Church which confesses the sacerdotal power. The position of the Church of England is one without precedent; before her no other heresy ever at the same time denied the sacerdotal power and claimed the sacerdotal succession. And yet Anglican divines have settled the whole affair as magisterially and infallibly as if each Bramhall or Taylor had been a Pope, instead of a strenuous denier of any infallible authority whatever in the Church; and this though they had no precedents to appeal to, and though every Church in Christendom that had any pretence to episcopal succession at all was dead against them. Never, perhaps, has the world seen another such example of self-confident, self-appointed pastors, "feeding themselves without fear," as these Anglican divines, pretending to absolute certainty in a matter where no absolute certainty can possibly be.

The last argument on which we depend for showing the extreme uncertainty of Anglican ordinations, is the uncertainty of their baptisms. No one can be a Christian priest who is not a Christian. Now in the beginning of this century the English Vicars-Apostolic, after careful inquiries, and a minute personal inspection of the way in which Baptism was then administered, decreed that all Anglican or

* State-Paper Office, Domestic, 1586, June 17.

English dissenting baptisms since 1773 were to be reckoned doubtful unless distinctly proved to be certain. This decree was embodied in a canon by the first synod of Oscott, and was allowed and confirmed by the present Pope, March 13, 1853. The canon runs as follows :

“ Since the causes have grown more urgent which in the beginning of this century led the Vicars-Apostolic to decree that all persons born since 1773, and baptised among the Protestants, when converted, were to be baptised under condition, we absolutely renew this rule, and command that all converts from Protestantism are to be conditionally baptised, unless it is most abundantly evident from indubitable proofs that in their baptism all things were properly performed so far as matter and form are concerned.”

This must be taken to be the decree of the Catholic Church concerning the uncertainty of Anglican Baptism, and therefore, *à fortiori*, concerning the uncertainty of Anglican orders, even if no other argument of their invalidity could be produced. And the experience of many persons will justify the decision of the Church. Every clergyman who takes care how he baptises has experienced the wrath of the monthly nurse for wetting the child's face, or spoiling its cap, or for insisting on the removal of that covering. The nurses have no patience with the new-fangled scrupulosity of Puseyites. It is quite contrary to what they were always used to. We remember a Catholic, who was present at the baptism of one of the royal family, declaring solemnly that the late Archbishop of Canterbury was in such a fuss about the Jordan water, and the lace that muffled the royal child, that he first poured the water, and then after a considerable lapse of time added the words, as if he had forgotten them. We can call to the remembrance of a certain fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford, that once, when travelling in Cumberland, he undertook to administer Baptism in a village church there, and only some days after adverted to the fact that *he had used no water*. The writer of this article was once present at a Baptism, when the officiating Protestant clergyman dipped his forefinger into the water, then put his finger to his tongue, and then applied it to the child's forehead and repeated the words of baptism ; washing the child, if at all, not with water but with spittle. On inquiry afterwards, he was told that this was done to prevent the child taking cold. He has also repeatedly heard from a gentleman who was curate in a populous parish of London, that the practice of his fellow-curates was to range around the font the thirty or forty women who used every Sunday to bring children to be baptised, and then with one form of words to sprinkle the water round, without knowing

or caring whether it touched the be-bonneted and be-capped children at all, or whether he only washed the nurses and godmothers. When baptismal regeneration is an open question in the Anglican communion, and when the majority of clergymen deny that doctrine, who can wonder at any amount of carelessness in the administration of the form?

These two last arguments apply as strongly to the Irish as to the English succession. Through whomsoever the clergy of the Irish Establishment first derived their orders, at any rate they have no sacrificing priesthood, and their baptisms are as uncertain as those of their English brethren. Not to mention the other interruptions of the succession by the transfer of English Bishops to Irish sees, and of the ordination by commission or otherwise of Irish Archbishops in England, are we mistaken in supposing that Dr. Whately was himself consecrated in Lambeth? But this is a question of little importance, when we are satisfied that the succession is lost in other ways.

To conclude, we beg our Protestant readers not to confuse the argument by introducing the Caroline divines. Suppose we granted that they were orthodox as regards the succession and sacerdotal powers (which we are far from doing), what influence would that have on persons who lived half a century before? We assert that the succession was lost in 1550; how can a return to right sentiments in 1600 rehabilitate it? "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid." You are built on Barlow, Scory, Coverdale, and men of that kidney. You may build what you please on this foundation; but no amount of gold and jewels heaped upon the sand and mud will change such a quagmire into the rock of Peter.

CAMPION'S ALLEGED CONFESSIONS.

WE print among our Correspondence a letter from the Very Rev. Canon Flanagan, in which he finds fault with part of the article in which we endeavoured to clear the memory of Campion the martyr from the charge of betraying the names of his brethren to their persecutors. Our argument was this: If he made any confession at all, it must have been before the last day of August; because every one owns that his confession was not made otherwise than at the rack; because after the 31st of August he was not racked again till the 31st of Octo-

ber,—too late a date to assign ; and because all extant documents which speak of his confession, speak of it as having been made in August. But we find in a book written by his greatest enemies, published by authority, and giving an account of his conference in the Tower on the 31st of August, “set down by the reverend learned men themselves that dealt therein,” that he there declared publicly, in the presence of the very persons who racked him, and to whom he was said to have made the confession, that he never had discovered his entertainers ; and that he would have been a traitor if he had done so. This, we said, proves to demonstration that Campion had made no confession before August 31st ; and Canon Flanagan apparently admits our proof : “To the conclusions which the writer draws from the rackings and disputations of Campion I do not intend to say any thing.” Campion is accused of having made his confession before August,—a paper purporting to be his confession was then in the hands of the government, and the persons named there were already in prison : there is no accusation of his having confessed afterwards ; and where there is no accusation, there needs no defence.

Such being the case, it became necessary to explain certain facts which have always been brought forward to show that Campion *did* disgrace himself by making a confession.

First, the confessions themselves : not that we have been able to discover any original document, except one, which purports to have been made up out of the several confessions of Campion and his companions, and on which we argued and proved that Campion only confessed that which had been discovered by other means. When he saw that his companion for the time had told all, he, after requiring an oath from the commissioners that his confirmation of the story should not draw upon the persons compromised any additional wrong, admitted the truth of the other's confession ; but when his companion for the time was firm, or was not to be found, nothing could be drawn from Campion concerning the places he frequented during that time, “except that he was at inns.” These confessions, as they were called, were made before August 31st. “Campion, *before* the conference had with him by learned men in the Tower, wherein he was charitably used, was never so racked but he was presently able to walk and to write ; and did presently write and subscribe all his confessions, as by the originals thereof may appear.”*

The account given of these two rackings by the priest

* A Declaration of the favourable Dealing of her Majesty's Commissioners, &c. London, 1583.

who wrote Campion's life, who knew him well, and was present both at his disputes in the Tower and at his death, and whom Challoner follows, is this. We translate from the Latin version given in Bridgewater's *Concertatio*, as we have never been able to find the English original :

“On two days they racked him so savagely, that he afterwards secretly declared to a friend that he verily thought they meant to kill him ; at the same time he declared what questions had been put to him—they were, what pecuniary aid had been given to the Irish rebels, what conspiracy there was to kill the queen, about the invasion of England, and about the meaning of the letter which he had written to Mr. Pound. To all these questions nothing, or very little, was answered by Campion ; he only confessed that he had sent his book to Mr. Richardson, and that he had sent a copy of the articles discussed in his book to Mr. Pound. He confessed this, because he saw clearly that these men were by God's grace put beyond the power of further adversity (they were already in prison, and probably the books had been found on them) ; so that no harm could come to them by this confession.

After F. Edmund had been thus questioned, his companions, separately confined in divers places, were also examined with the greatest subtlety ; and that not once only, but over and over again : and if a single word could be trapped out of them which could any how be bent so as to compromise any Catholic gentleman, it was enormously exaggerated, and published as if it had been drawn from Campion on the rack.

In this matter the impudence of the persecutors was such, that one of them, a distinguished member of the Privy Council, declared to a certain knight, who is still in prison (probably Sir Thomas Tresham), that Campion at the rack had confessed many things about him which he knew were utterly false, and which he could easily disprove. Nevertheless that abominable lie, that F. Edmund had been tortured into betraying certain gentlemen, was so credited by the public on the authority of a privy councillor, that even a Catholic gentleman publicly and seriously affirmed that he had it on certain authority that Campion had told all he knew at his examination ; but this gentleman afterwards confessed that he had been too credulous in suffering himself to be so easily deceived by the persecutors. The same fear tormented other Catholics also ; and the imprisonment of Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresham, and Sir William Catesby, was attributed to him : thus the acts of these malignants caused F. Campion not only to lose his good name among the enemies of religion, but caused him also to be disliked by the Catholics.

For this reason Mr. Pound, who was then in prison, wrote to him to exhort him to be resolute and constant as a true confessor of Christ : he hinted that he was somewhat troubled at the reports of his treachery, and begged him to tell him whether he had done as

it was said he had. The prison-keeper received a good bribe to take this letter to Campion; but he laid it before the council before he delivered it, and it only reached Campion after it had been read by his enemies.

Campion wrote a short answer, declaring that no tortures should ever force him to reveal any thing that could injure the Church of God. This answer was carried to the council, and by them used as a foundation for new examinations what this great thing might be that he would never reveal."

A private letter to Walsingham from Norton the rack-master,—who had now fallen into the misery he so richly deserved, his wife mad, himself imprisoned for accusing the worthy Bishops—whose tool he had been—of conniving at "the admission of unlearned and unfit ministers, the commutation of penance into money, and the excess of pluralities and non-residence,"*—exists in the State-Paper Office, under the date of March 27, 1581(2). In it the miserable man declares :

"When speech was of the courage of Campion and some others, I said truly that there appeared more courage of a man's heart in Briant than in Campion; and therefore I lamented that the devil had possessed poor unlearned Briant in so naughty a cause; for being threatened by those that had commission (to the intent that he might be moved to tell truth without torment) that if he would not for his duty to God and the queen tell truth, he should be made a foot longer than God made him, he was therewith nothing moved. And being for his apparent obstinacy in matters that he well knew racked more than any of the rest, yet he stood still with express refusal that he would not tell truth."

Briant is here contrasted with Campion because he on the rack *expressly refused to tell truth*. Campion did not think himself bound to conceal that which was already known to the commissioners from other sources; Briant, doubting his own power to withstand the artful cross-examinations of the subtle lawyers who were questioning him, refused to say any thing at all.

In spite of the conclusive though indirect testimony to Campion's silence published by Nowell, Day, Fulke, Good, and Walker in 1583, in 1586 William Charke had the impudence to reiterate the charge in his *Treatise against the Defence of the Censure*, which he had written on a book of Father Parsons's: p. 6, he calls Campion

"a well-known, vain, light runagate; an arrant traitor, lusty champion, glorious Thraso, of shameful ignorance in the learned tongues,

* Norton's Defence against Hampton's false Report. State-Paper Office, March 1582.

which he sought most ridiculously to cover and hide; . . . a glorious fool, who, partly to boast of his sufferings, partly to excuse his impatience and pusillanimity,—which for fear rather than feeling of the rack had discovered many of his friends and complices with his own handwriting,—immediately after his racking, was not ashamed on the day of the first conference to complain of his grievous torments, until by testimony of master lieutenant of the Tower, and others that were present, his impudency was so restrained at the time that he thought it best not to brag any more of his intolerable racking.”

Our readers will remember that this refers to the scene which we extracted last November from the report published by the authority of government, where Campion is declared to have said, that though he was not directly examined of religion, yet he was asked to tell at whose houses he had been; and that as the early Christians called them traitors who delivered up the holy books to the persecutors, so he “might not betray his Catholic brethren, which were the temples of the Holy Ghost.” We can only suppose that Nowell and Day were not in the secret of government, and therefore did not exactly know what lies to tell; whereas Charke had his cue, and was instructed what to say.

Lord Burghley's copy of the alleged confession* commences with the words: “Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresham, Sir William Catesby,—Campion confesseth his being in their houses in sommer 1580.” In the trial of these persons, which we published last year, this confession is enlarged. He confessed, “that he had been at the house of Lord Vaux sundry times; at Sir Thomas Tresham's house; at Mr. Gryffyn's of Northampton, where Lady Tresham then was; and at the house of Sir William Catesby, where Sir Thomas Tresham and his lady then were. Also at one time, when he was at Lord Vaux's, he said that Lord Compton was there.” None of these particulars are to be found in Burghley's copy; they must have been added after that had been made; it is clear, too, that the confession must have been more particular than is mentioned here. Sir T. Tresham began his defence by saying, “You have charged me generally with sundry times receiving of Mr. Campion. I pray you limit the times and place.” On this the attorney “caused Campion's confession to be read in that behalf.” In Burghley's copy, though the time of all Campion's other visits is defined, and the day of the month and week given, yet here it is only said, “in summer 1580.” Again, Tresham was required to swear whether Campion's confession was true or not; and for this end he

* Lansdowne Mss. vol. xxx. art. 78.

was examined, "whether Campion was in his house, did say Mass or preach there, who were present thereat, or such-like:" therefore, if the confession was not a forgery, Campion confessed where he said Mass and preached, and before whom,—a thing which he declared on the scaffold that he had never done. The confession went down to such particulars as that he was in Tresham's house, that he lay in his house and in a certain chamber; that he had talk with Tresham, and what talk, and such-like: all which things Tresham declared that he could not remember; though he would take no oath, because it might endanger his ears, and because "it would be a great sin uncharitably to belie him, to make him and myself both guilty by my oath, who to my knowledge are most innocent." Tresham already perceived that the alleged confession was a forgery. He said, that possibly Campion might have been at his house *incognito*, and demanded to be confronted with him,—a request that his accusers were careful not to grant. Moreover, both Vaux and Catesby strenuously denied that Campion had been at their houses: and no one can read the account of their trial* without believing them; especially when we consider that Campion and Parsons laboured in different fields, and that these men, according to More,† were converts of F. Parsons, not of F. Campion.

To enforce his confession, the letter of Campion to Pound was produced, "wherein he did take notice that by frailty he had confessed of some houses where he had been; which now he repented him, and desired Mr. Pound to beg him pardon of the Catholics therein, saying *that in this he only rejoiced that he had discovered no things of secret.*"

In the report of Campion's trial‡ we have another account of this letter:

"The clerk of the crown read a letter sent from Campion unto one Pound, a Catholic, part of the contents whereof was this: 'It grieveth me much to have offended the Catholic cause so highly as to confess the names of some gentlemen and friends in whose houses I had been entertained: yet in this I greatly cherish and comfort myself that I never discovered any secrets there declared, and that I will not, come rack, come rope.'"[§]

It is impossible now to say which is the more authentic

* See *Rambler*, January 1857.

† Hist. S. J. Prov. Aug. lib. iii. c. 11.

‡ State Trials, vol. i. col. 1060.

§ A third version of this letter is to be found in Anthony Munday's "Discoverie," f. iii. 2: "That he was very sorry that through his frailty he had betrayed those at whose houses he had been so friendly entertained; wherefore he asked God heartily forgiveness, and them all, whom he had so highly offended. But as for the chief matter, that is as yet unrevealed; and, come rack, come rope, never shall that be discovered."

report of this letter—that contained in the former or the latter extract: both depend on Mss. in the same collection at the British Museum; both reports were made up after the respective trials, from notes taken at the time; neither, therefore, can be trusted quite implicitly, so far as to determine which phrase was used,—“that he had discovered no things of secret,” or “that he never discovered any secrets there declared.” Whatever the exact words were, the queen’s counsel argued that they sounded very suspiciously and treason-like: “What he concealeth must be some grievous matter, and very precious, that neither the rack nor the rope can wring from him. . . . It were well these hidden secrets were revealed, and then would appear the very face of these treasons.” To this Campion answered:

“As I am by profession and calling a priest, so have I . . . solemnly vowed to God never to disclose any secrets confessed. . . By virtue of this profession I was accustomed to be privy to divers men’s secrets; and those not such as concerned state or commonwealth, whereunto my authority was not extended, but such as so charged the grieved soul and conscience, whereof I had power to pray for absolution.* These were the hidden matters; these were the secrets concerning which I so greatly rejoiced, to the revealing whereof I cannot nor will not be brought, come rack, come rope.”

At his martyrdom, after “desiring all them to forgive him whose names he had confessed upon the rack,—for upon the commissioners’ oaths that no harm should come to them, he uttered some persons with whom he had been,”—

“Further, he declared the meaning of a letter sent by himself to Mr. Pound, in which he wrote ‘that he would not disclose the secrets of some houses where he had been entertained:’ affirming upon his soul, that the secrets he meant in that letter were not, as it was misconstrued by the enemy, treason or conspiracy, or any matter else against her majesty or the state; but saying of Mass, hearing confessions, preaching, and such-like duties and functions of priesthood. This he protested to be true, as he would answer before God.”

We quite agree with Mr. Flanagan, that to deny all this evidence, or to make it all a result of the “historiographical style” of the writers, is not criticism; and we candidly own that our remarks read very much like such a denial; but we did not intend them absolutely as such. We had to harmonise contradictory facts: on one hand, Campion’s public proclamation before his enemies on the 31st of August, that he had never betrayed his friends; on the other, his expression of

* This expression shows how little we can trust the verbal accuracy of even friendly reporters.

sorrow on the scaffold that he had confessed their names. Some theory was necessary: we supposed that the "eye-witness" might have doctored Campion's last speech; we know he did so in some points, because his first edition of it differs from his second. We have no doubt that he related the topics truly enough; but when he had to fill-in the details from memory, the historiographical habit of the time would naturally lead him to turn the speech into an apology. The same thing has been done by the reporter of Campion's trial, who, after sentence pronounced, puts into the martyr's mouth a long string of texts omitted by Howell in the *State Trials*, partly as nonsensical, partly as illegible. The writers of that time did doctor speeches; and when it is a question of particular words and expressions, we cannot assume the certainty of their correctness.

There can be no doubt in the world about the reality of Campion's declaration that he had not betrayed any one; it is found in the report published by his enemies; it was found also in the friendly report preserved in the English College at Rome, which Bombinus used. According to the latter, one of the lords of the council, after affirming that Campion had not been tortured for religion but for treason, added, "Do you think that thing to be a secret which, though you obstinately concealed it at your examination, is yet known to the whole country and to your judges?" And Campion answers, that he was racked for no other reason than because he persevered in refusing to tell who had received him into their houses, had relieved him, had been absolved by him, or heard his Masses.* "No one was ever racked," says Norton, "unless he obstinately said, and persisted in saying, that he would not tell truth though the queen commanded him."† It is clear that, up to a time posterior to the committal of Vaux, Tresham, Catesby, and the others (who in the beginning of November complain that they have been many months in prison), Campion had made no confession, except perhaps confirming the confessions of others.

And all his biographers agree in this; the "eye-witness," who in one place reports that on the rack he had confessed the names of some at whose houses he had been, in another place declares that the only things he had told were, that he had sent his book to Pound and Richardson. Bombinus and F. More omit all mention of the report; Bartoli mentions it only to deny it:

"The Protestant accounts of Campion," he says, "are a mosaic of

* Bombinus, cap. xlvii. pp. 226, 227, ed. Mantua.

† State-Paper Office, March 27, 1582.

lies. . . . Holinshed makes him confess to Pound that 'the pain of the rack had conquered his resolution, and been too much for his weakness, and had compelled him to reveal and betray his friends and Catholic benefactors, naming them one by one; for which he was immensely sorry, and in his person begged pardon of all the Catholics.' But the truth was exactly the reverse; for Baron Hunsdon, who assisted at his racking, after having put a quantity of questions, and having received no answers, exclaimed, 'He will sooner let his heart be racked out of his body than a word out of his mouth, when he thinks it a duty of charity to be silent, or makes a scruple of speaking.' And this was true.*

If, therefore, we were totally to deny the authenticity of all the evidence we have quoted for Campion's confession, our "criticism" would be only that of Bombinus, More, Bartoli, and, let us add, of the "eye-witness" himself. But we by no means go so far; we only contend that the biographers of the sixteenth century were so much more apologetical than truthful, that one can never be sure of an expression: for instance, one reporter makes Campion in his letter deny that he had revealed the secrets *declared* in Catholic houses; another, that he had revealed any thing of secret. Which expression is the real one? They differ *toto cælo* from each other, and yet only one of them can be true. We attribute, then, the contradiction partly to the inaccuracy of the reporters, partly to Campion's own humility. We said that, though he had disclosed nothing of secret, nothing which was not abundantly manifest without his confession,

"Yet when Poundes, who had heard, and partly believed the reports of his weakness, wrote to him to know if he had really acted the traitor, his tender conscience reproached him even for this entirely indifferent act. He begged pardon for having simply confessed the names of his entertainers, who were otherwise well known by their own confession; he protested that he had told nothing of secret, and declared that, 'come rack, come rope,' his persecutors should not extract another word out of him that they could make use of."

But why, it will be said, did he not clear his character on the scaffold, instead of begging pardon for having confessed these names? There are two reasons, each abundantly sufficient to account for the fact, which together serve to make our position much stronger. First, the persecutors were in possession of a list of Campion's entertainers, confessed by themselves and confirmed by Campion: this was not a perfect list, because (so far as it was not a forgery) it contained only those names which could be discovered independently

* Inghilterra, lib. iii. cap. iii. p. 173, fol. ed.

of Campion. Now suppose on the scaffold he had triumphantly proclaimed that they had got nothing out of him; that they only knew those few names which chance had offered to them, but that he had obstinately suppressed all the others; who does not see what a furious persecution might have arisen,—how all the suspected neighbours of those who were known to have received him would have been imprisoned and tortured and fined; whereas by allowing government to proclaim the fiction that they knew all Campion's entertainers, no occasion for this persecution was given. Campion was bound in charity to act as he did. Secondly, Campion was not the man to strive and cry out in the streets to restore his good name; he was quite enough of a saint willingly to submit to opprobrium, and even to court it. Sensitive as he was to the honour of God and of the Church, he even sought opportunities to diminish the honour which was given to himself, so far as he could do it consistently with his utility to the Church. A notable instance of this occurred in his first conference in the Tower. We will quote the account of the "eyewitness:"

"In order to show more clearly Campion's wonderful modesty, and the impudence of his adversaries, I will relate one or two examples. In the discussion a text of Scripture was cited corruptly: Campion objected. A Greek Testament was produced, but an edition of no correctness; Campion therefore refused to read the text from it. They, in their rash judgment, immediately concluded he did not know Greek; and so, to laugh at him, and make him appear ridiculous, they cried out, *Græcum est, non legitur*. But he, thinking this disgrace had nothing to do with the cause on hand, bore it untroubled, and rested at the matter as a man unable to read or understand Greek. But at a later period of the dispute, a passage of St. Basil was produced, and the book handed to Campion, who was invited to read it, if he could. He took the book, read the passage, and translated it; and then added, 'You can bear me witness that I can read Greek.' "*"

Nowell and Day give their account of the matter thus:

"We offered the Greek Testament first, and afterwards Nazianzen in Greek, to Campion to read: . . . but he refused to read in the Greek Testament altogether; . . . and when St. Basil and Nazianzen in Greek were offered to him to read, he said once or twice, 'I know, I know it is as ye have alleged;' which we took to be a shift to avoid the reading of it himself. But when he was urged, and Master Stollard, who stood by, took the book and held it to him, he read; but so softly, as it were to himself, that we may with good conscience protest before God that we heard not one

* Bridgewater, p. 59.

word. . . . Truth it is that he said, 'Let this man witness whether I can read Greek or no.' But why did he not read it so that not he alone, but that all we might have been witnesses thereof? And Master Stollard said to us, 'If he did read at all, he read the worst that ever I heard.' " *

Now it is ridiculous to suppose that the man who had spent years at Oxford as the most popular of tutors, and at Prague had lectured his classes in the Organon and Physics of Aristotle,† and whose private letters are full of Greek words and phrases, was really ignorant of Greek. Master Stollard, perhaps, could not understand the pronunciation Campion had been obliged to acquire at Prague: we have heard of an Anglican clergyman who denounced the ignorance of Roman ecclesiastics, because he had approached one in the Forum with the question, *Ubi est templum Divi Antonini?* pronounced in the hardest Oxford manner; and received for answer, *Non capisco l' Inglese*. Stollard probably could not recognise Greek pronounced in the Greek manner, and so accused the Grecian of not knowing the language. And Campion was silent under the imputation, and bore meekly all the scoffs and ridicule and insults which were so freely poured upon him. Any one who takes the trouble to look into the pamphlets of those times will see that all the asses brayed against him to this tune,—He did not know Greek! During his life, and after his death, this was the great fact against him;—he had led England captive with the opinion of his learning, and when it came to the point he could not read the Greek Testament! For this Nowell and Day hope that all Catholics who have any spark of shamefastness left will blush for him; if they themselves had been so openly convicted, they would have been ashamed to show their faces. For this Bishop Aylmer proclaimed at the sessions at Newgate that Campion was unlearned.‡ For this Sir W. Mildmay in the Star-Chamber declared that, in spite of his great boast of learning, yet he could see no learning in him; but only brag of learning and vanity.§ For this small fry like Munday and Charke called him a "glorious Thraso," who had made himself famous under show of great learning, though really very simple, and of shameful ignorance in the learned tongues. For this Camden declared that in his conferences he did not sustain his reputation. If one whose memory was affectionately venerated at Prague, as the "blessed Edmund Cam-

* A true Report, &c. g. i. 1.

† Letter of Campion to Gregory Martin, July 16, 1579

‡ True Report of Campion's Death, preface.

§ See *Rambler*, Jan. 1857, p. 31.

pion, Grecian, Latinist, poet, orator, philosopher, theologian, virgin and martyr,"* could rest contentedly under an insulting accusation of being unable to read the Greek letters, it is not difficult to suppose that the same person would be little careful to clear his character from another imputation, especially when he could not do so without bringing his friends into danger. He acquiesced in a misinterpretation of his letter to Pound, rather than expose more persons to the visits of the pursuivants, and the tender mercies of rack-masters. He declared that the secrets which he would not reveal were nothing political, but related to Masses, confessions, and the like; he did not say that they related to the names of a great number of Catholic houses, which all the ingenuity of the examiners had not yet been able to discover.

In conclusion, we hope our readers will not be wearied of our defence of Campion: we are jealous of his reputation; we are ashamed that no worthy monument has been erected to him by his countrymen. Yet we may say, as F. Parsons said to William Charke,—the preacher who followed Campion to the place of his martyrdom, "with big looks, stern countenance, proud words, and merciless behaviour—fierce and violent upon God's saints in death and torments, pompous in gait and speech to the people, in order to credit his cause,"—that Campion was one of those

"whose blood will fight against your errors and impiety many hundred years after both you (Charke and Hanmer) are past this world together; and albeit if they had lived they might no doubt have done much service in God's Church and hurt to your cause, yet could they never have done it so strongly as they have, and do, and will do, by their deaths; the cry whereof worketh more forcibly both with God and man than any books or sermons that ever they could have made. They are well bestowed upon you; you have used them to the best. Our Lord and His holy name be blessed therefore."†

Or, to use a more remarkable testimony, that of Dr. Humphrey, Vice-Chancellor and Professor of Divinity at Oxford:

"This I can say with truth, that the ghost of Campion dead has given me more trouble than all the reasons of the living man: not only because he has left the poison of his doctrine behind him, as the beast Bonasus in his flight burns his pursuers with his dung, but much more because his friends unbury his corpse, undertake his defence, and write his epitaph in English, French, and Latin. It is an old proverb, *τεθνηκότας μὴ δακνύειν*, 'The dead do not bite;'

* Schmidl, History of the Bohemian Province, lib. i. ad ann. 1578.

† Parsons's Defence of the Censure, p. 3 (he refers to Campion, Sherwin, and Briant).

yet Campion, though dead, bites by his friends' mouth. This is monstrous, as experience and the old proverb show: for as fresh heads grow on the hydra when the old are cut off, as wave succeeds wave, as a harvest of new men arose from the dragon's teeth; so one toil sows the seeds of another, and for one Campion numbers and numbers have swarmed to trouble us."*

Ten thousand people, as Henry Walpole, himself afterwards a martyr, who was one of the number, tells us, were converted by his death. An engraving of the martyrdom of Campion and his companions, published at Rome in 1584, with the approbation of Gregory XIII., has an inscription which ends: *Horum constanti morte aliquot hominum millia ad Romanam Ecclesiam conversa sunt*,—"By their constant death some thousands of persons were converted to the Roman Church." These were the swarms that so troubled Humphrey; and, please God, the hive is not emptied yet.

The account of F. Walpole's conversion is thus related:

"F. Henry Walpole told F. Ignatius Basselier that when F. Edmund Campion was cut into quarters at the place of public execution, Walpole himself, then a heretic, was standing near with the other lookers-on; and as the hangman threw the quarters into the caldron of water, a drop of blood and water splashed out upon Walpole's clothes. He was immediately converted to be a Catholic instead of a heretic, and instead of a layman he became a religious of the Society of Jesus, instead of a spectator he became a spectacle himself and a martyr; and of those who were converted by Campion's death (the number of whom is said to be ten thousand) he was the most remarkable. F. Ignatius had this fact from Walpole's own mouth, and afterwards told it to F. Anthony Suquet."†

Another glorious martyr has left, in his own handwriting, the following testimony to the influence that Campion's death had upon him. It occurs in a letter of William Harrington (who was hanged at Tyburn, February 18, 1594) to the Lord-Keeper Puckering, without date, and at present among the papers for 1592 in the State-Paper Office:

"I am by birth a gentleman, in conscience a Catholic, in profession a poor priest of the Seminary of Rheims. I lived in my country with credit and countenance fitting my calling, and answerable to my father's estate. I left my country, not compelled by want or discontentment, but incited thereto by sundry examples of men of all sorts, whose innocent lives in part I knew, and glorious deaths I much commended. Campion I desired to imitate, whom only love to his country and zeal of the house of God consumed before his time. I dispute not how true his accusations were, nor yet of what credit were those men whose testimonies, though scant

* Jesuitismus, preface.

† Ms. Brussels, no. 2167, p. 557.

agreeing, yet were received to our great loss and his eternal gain. And here your honour shall give me leave in my conscience to think that in that man was no treason to her majesty, nor hurt to his country, for whose good he so willingly and mildly offered his life."

Harrington's father lived at Mount St. John, in Yorkshire; it appears that Campion wrote part of the famous book, the *Ten Reasons*, at his house. His name appears in the confession attributed to Campion in the following manner:

"William Harrington, gent. Campyon (confesseth) that he was there thirteen days about Easter last, and made there part of his Latin book, brought thither by — Smyth, Mrs. Harrington's brother. Mr. Harrington confesseth that he came to his house about Tuesday the third week in Lent, and stayed there about twelve days; and that he knew him not for Campion until he was upon departure."

Harrington, then, was one of those Catholic gentlemen who were said to have been compromised by Campion. If it had been so, the martyr would have been a scandal rather than an example; yet we see that it was his example, his "innocent life" and "glorious death," that led Mr. Harrington's young son, then fifteen years of age, to devote himself to the same labours which had consumed Campion before his time.

MADAME ELIZABETH GALITZIN.

WE have translated the following notice of Madame Elizabeth Galitzin from a little pamphlet of *Mélanges*, published last year by Messrs. Julien and Co. of Paris. The editor, whom we presume to be F. Gagarin, prefaces it with a few words, stating that he had found the account among his papers, and was so struck with the simplicity and straightforwardness of the recital, that he was convinced it would be read with interest and profit. An additional motive led us to translate it. As we have lately been endeavouring to call attention to the prospects of the Church in Russia, we thought that this simple narrative would do more for our purpose than many a more learned argument, as showing the kind of persons that Russia produces, and the difficulties experienced by Russian converts.

Madame Elizabeth Galitzin was born at St. Petersburg, Feb. 22d, 1795; and lost her father when she was four years

old. When she was fifteen, her mother confessed to her, in the strictest confidence, that for the last ten years she had been a convert to the Catholic religion. On hearing this, Elizabeth burst into tears; for from henceforth she beheld a wall of separation between herself and her mother, whose example she could not imagine ever being called upon to follow; believing, as she did, that, as the government had made such severe laws against those who abandoned the Greek religion, those who did so must be committing a great sin. So she left the room without being able to utter a word; but in her own mind she accused the Jesuits of having caused this change in the princess. She conceived a hatred both against them and against the Catholic religion, which she made it a point of conscience to foster. As she was obliged to hide her sorrow during the day, she passed whole nights in weeping for what she supposed to be her mother's misfortune; at last, fearing that she herself might also be led astray, it occurred to her to write a promise in the form of an oath that she would never change her religion. She got up at once, in the dark, and with a trembling hand wrote this promise; then she went to bed again satisfied and happy, thinking herself thereby safe from all attacks. From this time for the space of four years, she never omitted to repeat this oath morning and evening when she said her prayers; no amount of fatigue ever caused her to break her resolution during this time. She lived in the world, as it were, without knowing it; her dress was always most simple, and so carelessly put on, that she was sometimes laughed at for it. It was at the age of nineteen that grace first began to touch her heart. Nothing can show the rectitude of her intention more clearly than the relation she herself gives of the manner in which her conversion took place. "I was taking lessons in Italian of a Roman priest, an agreeable person, who never spoke to me about religion. I took great delight in learning his language. He fell dangerously ill, and died. My mother, profiting by this circumstance, proposed that I should go to his funeral; I consented willingly, thinking it was a mark of respect and gratitude which I owed him. I had scarcely entered the church, when I seemed to hear an interior voice which said to me, '*You now hate the Catholic religion; but you will one day belong to it yourself.*' This voice made me shed tears all the time I was present at the office; but I could not say whether I was crying for the friend I had lost, or whether it was on account of the voice which had spoken to my heart. Afterwards I asked myself this question, But why do you hate the Catholic religion and its ministers? Hatred is a sin. If it is

a sin, I said to myself, I ought not to go on committing it; I ought rather to pray for the Jesuits. From this day, therefore, I began to pray regularly for them every day, immediately after I had repeated my form of oath; and I renounced all hatred. In the midst of all this we started for the country, where, during the whole summer, my mother and I lived alone in the greatest seclusion far away from St. Petersburg. There God gave me great sentiments of contrition, the remembrance of my faults was ever present to me, and I passed whole nights in weeping bitterly over them before God. Nothing of this appeared in the day; I confided nothing to any one, and to my mother less than all. Often while I was thus given up to grief, I felt roused to indignation against myself, and I thought, How can such a sinner as I am dare to lie down in a bed? and I would throw myself on the ground, and remain there till fatigue forced me to return to my bed. I wished to become devout; but the idea of piety at nineteen years of age was fearful to me. I thought I might wait till I was a little older; for I feared the reality of piety and the austerities of the saints, because I was convinced it would be my duty to practise them. In these dispositions I arrived in St. Petersburg, about the end of September. The first thing I heard was that one of my cousins had become a Catholic; and she also, like myself, had been a most obstinate schismatic. This news gave me great pain, and I was again tempted with my old feelings of hatred against the Jesuits. Nevertheless I conquered myself, and I redoubled my prayers for them, determining in my own mind never to tell my cousin I had found out she had been converted: but not even so could I escape, for she made a confidant of me, binding me to secrecy. I listened to her most unwillingly, and bursting into tears, I said to her, 'If you really believe the Catholic religion to be the true religion, you have done perfectly right in embracing it; for my part I do not believe it, and I never shall.' She gave me many reasons which failed to convince me; and then she asked me if I would read a little manuscript which her mother had composed, giving an account of the Greek schism, which she was sure would make me see clearly that the Catholics were right, and that the Russians were wrong. For you must know that my aunt, since her conversion, has written works on controversial subjects, which have been approved by many holy and learned Jesuits. 'You may give me this manuscript,' I replied, 'and six-and-thirty more, if you like; but you may be quite sure nothing will shake me, I am too strongly convinced that the Russian religion is the true one.' With this I left her, towards

eleven o'clock at night, and went home greatly disquieted. For the *first time*, I did not repeat my oath before going to bed; I thought it might be rash. I went to bed; but my agitation of mind prevented me from sleeping. After some time, finding myself utterly unable to sleep, I said, 'Well, let me examine the matter; it is surely well worth the trouble.' Thereupon I tried to remember all I had ever heard, all I had read; and I cannot doubt that God in His infinite mercy taught me all I did not know: however it was, after about an hour's examination I found myself fully convinced that the Catholics were right and the Russians wrong, and that it was their pride alone which prevented their recognising the authority of the Pope. 'Pride,' I said, 'is not reason; therefore to-morrow I will become a Catholic. But what shall I do? What is to become of my oath? My oath! That is beyond the bounds of common sense. If I had sworn to kill some one, that would have been one sin, to commit the murder would have been a second: I have done the first, but I will not commit the second; I am resolved to become a Catholic to-morrow. But what will people say when they know I have read nothing?' To remove this difficulty, I sent very early in the morning for my aunt's manuscript. It was brought to me directly, and I read it through at once. It was short, but strong. 'This is exactly what I had said to myself,' I exclaimed: 'I am quite decided; when I meet mamma at breakfast-time, I will tell her that I wish to become a Catholic, and that I will make my confession to F. Rozaven.' This was on Oct. 4th, old style, in the year 1815. The surprise and joy of my poor mother may easily be imagined; we both of us shed floods of tears; and I begged her to send for F. Rozaven, for I felt that it was he whom God would give me as my guide. When he came, he was just as surprised and as glad as my mother had been: he asked if I had well reflected on the step I was about to take, and whether I was aware that in the case of its being discovered, it might occasion me the loss of my property and my life? I felt a shudder go all through me, but I replied that I hoped all from the grace of God. He told me that my answer was a wise one; which astonished me greatly, for I thought that wisdom and I were not such intimate acquaintances. He then asked me if I also gave up the idea of establishing myself in the world; for, as I should not be able to marry any one but a Catholic, it would be a difficult thing. This caused me some little feeling of regret; but I consented, and arranged with the good father that he should come and receive my confession the next day but one, which he did most punctually; and a week

after, I had the happiness of making my first communion. Three weeks after, the first idea of my vocation to the religious life fixed itself in my mind; and I told F. Rozaven about it. Two months and a half after my conversion, the government became cognisant of it and of several others; they were almost all in my own family, which I attribute to the intercession of Prince Galitzin, who had been martyred for the faith in St. Petersburg during the reign of the Empress Anne.

The Emperor Alexander, following the advice of the enemies of religion, gave orders that the Jesuits should be driven out of Russia; and on a dreadfully cold night, the 21st Dec. 1815, every one was turned out of the college, which had been established in St. Petersburg since the time of Catherine II. Owing to this, we found ourselves cut off from all spiritual aid; no priest dared to give us the consolations of religion. After six months, however, we were permitted to apply to the Dominican Fathers, who succeeded the Jesuits. My vocation strengthened every day; but I mentioned it to no one. I only noted its progress, for F. Rozaven, in my journal. At the end of a certain time, he advised me to ask my mother's permission to follow out my wish. I did so in writing, not daring to speak to her on the subject. She sent for me, and told me that she gave her consent; that she should be glad to have a daughter a nun; but that I must wait, that the present time was an unfavourable one, and that such a proceeding might occasion a persecution. Happy at least in having my mother's approbation, I gave myself up with all my heart to serve God. I begged not to be taken into society, which I had never cared for; and my mother desired nothing better: but she could not do otherwise than take me sometimes, though as seldom as possible, to the court, to which my relations were attached. I went out of obedience; but I took care never to go to the balls and plays which were given there without wearing a hair-shirt; I neither looked at nor listened to any thing, but prayed all the time, so that if any one had happened to ask me what piece had been acted, I should have been very much puzzled to say. I began to take pleasure in mortification, and to desire it ardently. My confessor, who was a Dominican and a saint, never allowed me all I asked for. I had not decided on any order, for I knew none. I wrote to F. Rozaven, who was then in Rome, that I could not make any choice, knowing nothing of any rule; that I thought it would be the most pleasing to our Lord for me to enter by obedience into some order which should be pointed out to me; I wished, there-

fore, to leave it to him, promising at the same time to follow implicitly his advice in the matter: all I stipulated for was, that it should be some strict order, and one which was employed in education. 'If it were possible,' I added, 'for you to find one like your own, I should be very glad;' for I read every day (and I did so for the eleven years I remained in the world) Rodriguez's *Christian Perfection*: what he says about the rule of the society appeared most admirable to me. The good father promised to make the search for me, and kept me in suspense for eight years. He did not hurry himself, because my mother, notwithstanding all that he could devise to write to her on the subject, persisted in not allowing me to go before I had completed my thirtieth year. At last, after eight years, he told me he had chosen the Sacred Heart for me; and immediately put me in communication with the mother-general, who at once consented to receive me, and to consider me from that time as a member of the society, though I was still detained in the world. This consolation was very needful for me, for I had suffered all sorts of contradictions: my mother could not make up her mind to let me go; nothing but a miracle could break my fetters; and in this way God came to my aid after eleven years of anxiety. My mother took me herself to the convent; but, as it were, against her will."

Mademoiselle Galitzin took the habit of the society December 27th, 1826. She had no sooner entered the novitiate than she showed that docility to grace which is the mark of an upright and faithful heart; and it was evident that the practice of religious virtues was no new thing to her. Above all, she studied simplicity and a childlike obedience to her superiors, and never allowed herself to make the smallest observation. Having finished her novitiate, in October 1828 she was sent to Rome, where the house of the Trinità del Monte had just been founded; in which she made her vows Dec. 29th, 1828. The life she led there was that of a simple nun, obscure and unknown; she carefully avoided every thing that might bring back any remembrance of what she had been in the world. Her open-hearted kindness and cheerfulness served to conceal all that the constant practice of mortification, self-denial, and the religious rule must have cost her.

Her superiors fully appreciated her high virtues; and they completed her joy by advancing the time of her profession, to which she was admitted Feb. 2d, 1832, and was recalled to France in 1834. Being elected general secretary, she filled the office with great activity, devoting herself entirely to it; and though her health was somewhat impaired by

a recurrence of the tertian fever which she caught in Rome, yet she was never to be found idle, and the amount of work she got through was astonishing. In 1839 she went again to Rome, for the General Council of the Society; at which she was elected assistant-general, and commissioned to visit the houses in America. She had always desired to go to those distant missions; she set out, therefore, with joy, and landed in America August 31st, 1840. Her reputation had preceded her, and as the representative of the Superior-General she won all hearts. The sweetness of her manner, her purity of intention, her simplicity, and her unbounded devotedness, soon gave her an ascendancy over all the nuns, which she never used except to lead them on in the practice of the virtues belonging to their state.

Before commencing the foundation of a house in New York, she visited those of St. Louis, St. Ferdinand, St. Charles, St. Michael, and of the Grand Côteau. Wherever she went she inspired confidence in all, and her maternal advice re-kindled in all hearts the spirit of the institute. On her return to New York, May 6th, 1841, she undertook in earnest the work of the new foundation, which soon began to flourish. During the six months she passed there, those who laboured with her had constant opportunities of learning a lesson from her spirit of sacrifice and entire self-devotion; while her pleasant manner of telling stories gave an inexpressible charm to the recreations, where she made herself all to all, and succeeded in enlivening and interesting each person. One of the virtues which more especially characterised her, and which shone forth in all her actions, was her great purity of intention. Provided God could be glorified, she trampled under foot all human respect,—that vice which so readily insinuates itself into the most praiseworthy actions,—and made others do the same; she allowed no obstacles to prevent her following out the undertakings which she thought calculated to do most good. Notwithstanding all her natural kindness of disposition, she knew how to reprove those who were negligent, particularly the older nuns, whom she required to be examples of solid virtue; but her reproof was always accompanied by some kind words which tempered its harshness. To the novices and to the sick she was more indulgent; and these experienced all the tenderness of her maternal heart. This good mother had a particular power in encouraging those who were at all downhearted, and in exciting people to a great confidence in the mercy of God. In her instructions, she laid great stress on obedience, on self-denial, and on true and sincere humility; at the same time proposing the means of prac-

tising those virtues in such a loving gentle way, that it was impossible not to be forcibly led to resolve to take the necessary means for becoming a perfect religious.

In spite of the extensive correspondence she had to keep up, and the numerous occupations attendant upon her office, she found time to paint three large pictures for the chapel: one of Our Lord showing His Sacred Heart; another of Our Lady of Dolours; and a St. Michael. On the 19th of October, the Reverend Mother Galitzin left New York to visit for the second time the other houses under her care: this time she went to the one established among the savage tribes, where her name is still had in veneration. After having founded a new house in M'Sherry Town, she left America, April 19th, 1842. At a distance, as well as when she was on the spot, this portion of the society was the constant object of her solicitude; and even while she had to keep her bed during a long illness, which lasted for eight months, her correspondence scarcely slackened at all. On her return in 1843, she was received with the liveliest marks of gratitude; she arrived in New York July 25th. Little did any one think then that within five months the nuns of St. Michael's were to witness her happy death. During this interval she pursued the course of her labours with all her accustomed zeal; the houses in New York, Canada, St. Louis, M'Sherry Town, and finally that of St. Michael, were visited by her. While she was staying at St. Louis she had several attacks of the nervous fever which for a long time had been undermining her constitution; in consequence of which the doctors hastened her departure, thinking that the air of St. Michael would be beneficial to her. They did not know that the yellow fever had just shown itself there for the first time in an epidemic form. She arrived November 14th; several people in the neighbourhood had already fallen victims to the disease, and many in the house had been attacked: notwithstanding all that could be said to her, this good mother went to visit them every day, and she even insisted on assisting a young postulant who soon sank. On the 1st of December she had an attack of fever, and the symptoms of the epidemic were not long in declaring themselves. The remedies usually given in such cases were both contrary to her own taste, and bad for the fever to which she was subject; nevertheless she forced herself to take them, wishing to conform to the rule which enjoins that none of the doctor's orders are to be changed. God permitted her to feel the fullness of the privations which people experience in those distant countries when they have not been accustomed to them from their youth. We cannot doubt that

He designed thus to purify her soul here below by bitter sufferings, that He might the sooner reward the fidelity and generosity with which she had served Him. She was perfectly submissive and resigned. "I do not fear death," she said to the doctor; "on the contrary, I desire to die, if it is the will of God." She was denied the consolation of Holy Communion, which had always been so dear to her since her conversion; but she did not think she was so near her end, and had asked to be allowed this favour on the 8th of December, to celebrate the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The very night preceding the feast she lost her consciousness, and made no other sign till she breathed her last at half-past three in the afternoon, Dec. 8th, 1843. A short time after, her features, which had been changed by the pains of a long agony, regained their serenity. Each one hastened to her death-bed, to show their veneration for one who, after having sacrificed all for God, had now fallen a victim to her self-devotion and fidelity to her duty. The next day, when her remains were carried to the grave, the chants and prayers of the Church were more than once interrupted by sobs; and the negroes of the house showed, in their way, the sympathy they felt in the universal affliction.

Reviews.

CAPTIVITY OF TWO RUSSIAN PRINCESSES IN THE CAUCASUS.

Captivity of two Russian Princesses in the Caucasus, including a Seven Months' Residence in Schamyl's Seraglio. Communicated by themselves, and translated from the original Russian by H. Sutherland Edwards. Smith and Elder.

NOTWITHSTANDING one or two drawbacks, this is both an entertaining and instructive book. Its principal defect consists in the tone in which every thing Russian is alluded to; a thing not to be wondered at, considering that the narrative was first published under the blessed *régime* of the most despotic of European despotisms. Fortunately, indeed, for the historical value of the story, its chief interest lies in those portions where Russian censorship could have little motive for

suppressing the truth, or at any rate for colouring the picture with the hues which pervade the details of Schamyl's domestic life. In this respect, the chief mischief results from the distrust with which the reader views the statements of persons whose whole lives are passed under a prying tyranny. The debasing effects of an incessant surveillance extend far beyond the range of events in which that surveillance is strictly exercised. Truth, honour, courage, and justice, are virtues whose very existence is imperilled by that consciousness of being never trusted, which is the inevitable consequence of the slavery of the mind. Consequently we cannot place the same confidence in the accuracy and completeness of the story told by our two princesses, which would have been their due had they lived in a country where historical truth has at least *a chance* of being discovered, through the conflicts of opponents fighting for their different views in an open field.

The other drawback to the volume is of a minor, though a kindred description. As the princesses themselves were bound to speak of every thing connected with the Czar and his government in the hushed and awe-struck whispers of a devotee before the shrine of his idol, so the compiler of the narrative is profoundly impressed with the ineffable charms of virtue, when embodied in noble ladies standing, by virtue of Heaven's decree, midway between the "profane vulgar" and the imperial divinity. As a consequence of this profound veneration for the superior race, a certain want of discrimination is shown in the selection of such parts of their story as are of general interest, or tend to bring out the real character of their captivity in its most characteristic colours. Taken as a whole, however, the book bears the impress of truth; and none the less so because it conveys an idea of the private life of Schamyl's seraglio, and of his personal character, in many points unlike that which Europeans and Christians generally would entertain respecting them.

The condition of the Russian territory bordering on the Caucasus up to this time resembles in many ways what used to be the condition of the border-lands between England and Scotland. Safe in their mountain-heights, and protected by the natural difficulties of the soil, the Caucasian tribes, who still defy the power of Russia, carry on a warfare against their gigantic neighbour singularly like the old border warfare of our own country. Georgia itself, too, though now an integral part of the Russian empire, seems to be garrisoned on a system more feudal than that which obtains in the interior of Russia; the personal and family power of its great

lords contributing no little to the military defence of the territory governed by the Czar.

The two ladies whose story is before us belonged to one of the most influential of these families. The husband of the Princess Chavchavadzey possesses a fine estate, Tsenondahl, on the very limits of the troubled country, and four years ago held a military command in the district. The other lady, the Princess Orbeliani, is his sister-in-law, and a widow, with young children. The sisters are granddaughters of George XIII., the last sovereign of Georgia.

Until the year 1854, however far the ravages of the mountaineers had extended, Tsenondahl and its immediate neighbourhood had always been safe. Only once in the recollection of the people had they crossed the river, which formed their chief defence. Tsenondahl, accordingly, was left with scarcely any defenders, when, in the month of July, a large party of mountaineers made an inroad into Georgia; and while the prince was engaged elsewhere, plundered and half destroyed his palace, and carried off his wife and her sister, with their children and maid-servants, and a large number of captives.

The princesses seem to have been scandalously served by their own men whom they trusted; and the facts of the capture certainly do not impress us favourably as to the fidelity to superiors which is supposed to be the natural result of the feudal system, when "paternally" carried out. Be this as it may, the Princess Chavchavadzey herself, if the narrative supplied by her and her sister is to be trusted, is a woman of considerable pluck and character, and moreover is possessed of a wonderful constitution; for she bore up against the sufferings of her enforced ride from Tsenondahl to Schamyl's home with extraordinary endurance and spirit. In fact, considering the state of *deshabille*, which was not the least trouble of those she had to go through, and her frequent inability to eat the coarse food presented to her, it appears surprising that she was alive at all at the end of a ride of twenty-two days. To add to her sufferings, her captors were one day surprised by a Russian ambuscade; and in the headlong gallop into which she was forced, her strength utterly failed, and she dropped a child of her own whom she was carrying, only to see it trampled to death by the tide of horsemen around her. This was the only loss of life which ensued from the journey. The two princesses, with their children and their French governess,—a somewhat absurd personage, whose proceedings read something like the talk of the "comic" character in a melodrama,—arrived in safety at

Dargi-Vedenno, the village, town, or settlement, where Schamyl's home is situated.

The object of their capture was well understood. It was simply ransom, including the exchange of a son of Schamyl's, who had been taken prisoner by the Russians when a boy; and who, after a Russian education, was now a young man, and an officer in the Russian army. This being the known desire of Schamyl, the captives were treated with no needless cruelty, it being notorious that insults or brutality offered to them would be severely punished by the mountain chief. Their sufferings arose from the fact that their captors were half-civilised men, with small notions of the delicacies and refinements of polished life, and from the urgency with which they were compelled to hurry on the journey to prevent a rescue from the friends of the captives. All this, however, is much what might have been looked for in similar circumstances in any part of the world; and though interesting, does not add much to our previous knowledge of men and their manners. It is when the party are lodged in Schamyl's seraglio that the chief novelty and value of the book begins.

The seraglio is a large enclosure of low buildings, with a single entrance; the rooms running round the four sides, with their windows, such as they were, all facing the open space, or quadrangle, within. Almost in the middle of this space is a separate building, containing three or four apartments specially devoted to Schamyl's personal use. The entire structure is of a simple and domestic plan, and the life of its inmates presents a curious compound of patriarchal simplicity and Mahometan belief and customs. In fact, it recalls the details of some portions of the Old-Testament narratives with a degree of accuracy quite remarkable.

What will strike the reader with peculiar force, is the modification of strict Mahometan customs which prevails in these mountain tribes without destruction to the vitality of the Mahometan creed as a practical and powerful element in human life. Here, in this seraglio, were living together—of course in separate apartments, but yet as one *household*—Schamyl's three wives; the mother of a fourth wife some years deceased; children by two of the wives; a governess to the children; servants, and a steward—not of the unhappy class with whom we are familiar as guardians of a Mahometan's harem, but a married man, and the very *beau-ideal* of the kind-hearted, amiable, old upper servant of a great man's house, whose chief trials lay in the good-humoured mischief of his master's children. From the first, the captives owed much to the friendship of this major-domo; and his mixture

of good-humour with his rigorous regard for Mahometan ceremonialism speedily made him a butt for the tricks of a lively girl among the captives, whose unceasing pleasure it was to touch the old man, and force him to the seven-fold ablutions necessary to purge him from the contamination of contact with a Giaour. It was laughable, the story tells, to see the poor steward dodging about the room, when he visited the captives, in his anxiety to escape the mischievous damsel's hands, and so save himself from the washings which several times a day she at one period contrived to compel him to practise.

The characters of the three wives are clearly and naturally drawn. The eldest, Zaidette, was decidedly *passée*; and as she was originally married from motives of state rather than from personal regard, she appears never to have had much hold on Schamyl's affections. She held, however, the highest position in the household, was its housekeeper and practical mistress, and seems to have been treated with abundant deference by every one. She was of a cold and petty disposition, and excessively penurious and money-getting; and she contrived to make the position of the captives as little endurable as possible. Her aim was twofold. Partly, she wanted to spend as little as possible on their maintenance; and partly—as they supposed—she was most desirous to keep them out of Schamyl's way, lest he should take it into his head to fall in love with some of the younger of the party, and so care for herself even less than at present. Moreover, she thought that a little additional discomfort would add to the urgency of their relatives in obtaining their ransom at any cost, however enormous.

The second wife, Shouanette, was an Armenian by birth, carried away from her home as a child, when too young to retain her Christian faith. Schamyl's chief regards were with her, and she repaid them with the most devoted affection. Her character is remarkably agreeable and feminine, and she was soon on familiar terms with the princesses, and did them all the kindness she could; she herself suffering not a little from the crafty tyranny of Zaidette. She is represented as at times mourning over the dullness of her existence; but as surprising the princesses by one day confessing that the chief thing she lamented in her present position was, that Schamyl would not allow his wives *to dress better!* the mountain chief being an intense enemy to all show in garments. When the captives were finally set free, Shouanette was dissolved in grief.

The most touching farewell, however, came from Scha-

myl's mother-in-law, the mother of his deceased wife and grandmother to the eldest son, now at last about to return to him after so many years' captivity in Russia. This old woman regarded the princesses as the providential instruments of the recovery of her long-lost grandchild, and amiably regarded them with the same gratitude as if they had been the voluntary agents of his restoration. The strength of personal affection, indeed, which exists in those simple races is one of the most striking things in the book. Shouanette is represented as absolutely miserable during Schamyl's absence on a campaign, through her terrors lest he should be wounded or killed. And it is impossible to help admiring the tenacity of fondness with which Schamyl himself had clung to the memory of his eldest son, the emotions with which he looked forward to meeting him once more, and his dread lest his long residence among foreigners should have estranged him from his father and his country.

In one instance, the tenacity of these mountaineers' feelings is illustrated in connection with the wretched results of polygamy. The third wife,—Aminette, a girl, or young woman, of seventeen, and very handsome,—was deeply in love with Schamyl's second son, with whom she had been brought up as a playfellow from her childhood, but who had never regarded her otherwise than as a sister. Had her affections been returned by him, it seems probable that Schamyl would have married her to his son, instead of to himself. As it was, the poor girl does not appear to have known the exact nature of her own feelings, but to have taken them for a mere excess of sisterly regard. On one occasion, the young man pays a visit to his father, bringing his wife with him; and Aminette takes the opportunity of working him a handsome pistol-case, which, with provoking coolness,—as she afterwards learns,—he values so little, that he hands it over as a present to another person.

This same son's wife furnishes another portrait in the family group. The princesses represent her as a person of a far higher character than Schamyl's own wives; being both higher by birth, and as receiving them, when they paid her a visit of ceremony, with all the polish and good breeding of a lady of rank in the civilised world.

The principal discomforts the princesses endured arose from Zaidette's stinginess and small annoyances, and from the confined nature of the room in which they, with the children and their personal servants, were compelled to live. The latter at length became so disagreeable and exacting—at least so say their mistresses—that they were obliged to beg

to have them sent out of the seraglio; a request at once complied with. They themselves were never allowed to leave the walls, except on one occasion for half an hour. We must do them the justice to add, that they tell the tale of their sufferings with a striking absence of whining and exaggeration, and that there is not a trace of malice or ill-will in the book.

The picture of Schamyl himself is curious and instructive. His mode of life is simple in every respect,—in diet, dress, and habits. There is clearly a considerable amount of fierceness and severity in his character; but nothing in this book leads us to impute to him a love of blood and cruelty, or any of the specially Southern and Oriental falsehood and crime. He threatened the captives with the heaviest punishment if they played him false in their correspondence; but in his rough way he seems to have wished to make them as comfortable as circumstances allowed. His political position is strictly that of a chief, and not of a sovereign; and the religious leadership which we associate with the ruling power in patriarchal times is still found living in his case. So far as we can judge, he was conciliated towards his captives by the courage and spirit which the Princess Chavchavadzey displayed in her brief conversations with him; and there is little doubt that, but for the controlling influence of the “naibs,” or local aristocracy, he would readily have accepted a smaller sum than was finally taken—40,000 roubles—for their ransom. One curious incident in this part of the story is his employment of a certain “holy man” to come to Dargi-Veddeno and preach for several days to the people on the sin and evil of excessive love of riches, with a view to get them to abate the extravagant ransom they demanded.

As a book of instruction, we cannot help remarking, that this narrative throws a light on the elasticity of the Mahometan system, which we think has not been sufficiently understood or believed by those who have reflected on the future prospects of that strange portent in the history of religious opinions. We have been accustomed to look upon Mahometanism as one of those vast organisations of principle with practice, which are interwoven so intimately in all their portions that the whole must stand or fall together. With many acute observers, it has been assumed that the entrance of European civilisation into the very body of a Mahometan people must destroy Mahometanism itself, as a living *power* ruling and guiding that people. In a previous article in our present Number, we have briefly alluded to one of what we conceive to be the popular misconceptions on this subject,

and have called attention to the extent to which the ancient Mosaic system was incorporated into his creed by the Arabian impostor-fanatic. Those remarks were written before we had met with the narrative of these Russian princesses; and we cannot help pointing out the illustration of our ideas with which it furnishes us. Judaism, we all know, has proved itself an elastic system, since the advent of Christianity, to an extent which would have been thought impossible on a mere *à-priori* consideration of its spirit, and the details of its legislation. The extent to which the lineal descendants of Abraham have retained a conviction of the truth of their creed, and a certain portion of their ceremonial law, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable phenomena which the moral world presents for our study. Yet we have been in the habit of arguing that what does exist in the case of the Jews is impossible in the case of Mahometans.

In all our speculations respecting the future fate of Turkey and Egypt, and now again of the Mahometan races in India, we have overlooked the possibility of the adaptation of the creed of the Koran to the ideas and habits of modern civilisation. And we cannot but think that the picture here drawn of Mahometan life in the Caucasus supplies important materials towards the modification of our previous notions. These Russian ladies certainly had no reasons for painting the life of a Caucasian seraglio with brighter colours than belonged to it. They appear to be themselves devout Christians; and they made no scruple of openly practising their religious observances before their Mahometan companions, and of occasionally discussing certain points of morals in which Christianity conflicts with Mahometanism. Yet how different is the picture they draw from the commonly-received ideas of a Turkish harem! Probably, how different it really is from the ordinary life of actual Turkish harems! We would not say any thing which might be misinterpreted; but we cannot help repeating that, setting aside the belief in the Mahometan doctrinal imposture, the scenes which this book presents suggest to us most vividly the details of the lives of the Hebrew patriarchs, especially as recorded in the book of Genesis. And the moral which we draw is, that the effects of men's abstract religious opinions are capable of an extent of modification, under new and varied circumstances, which defies all previous calculations, founded upon mere book-knowledge and plausible theory. It enforces on us with renewed urgency the grand practical truth, that, if we would deal wisely with our contemporaries, of whatever country and creed, our wisdom is to study what men are in fact, and not to conclude before-

hand what we imagine they will be and must be. It is a duty which we Catholics are incessantly enforcing upon Protestants, who persist in misconceiving our real characters because they will not look at facts; and if we Catholics would be wise in our generation, we shall practise the same philosophy ourselves, and, whether we have to do with Christians, or infidels, or Jews, or Mahometans, in England, in France, or in India, our first inquiry will be, not what men probably would be, judged by theories, however apparently logical, but what, as a matter of fact, they really are.

CASWALL'S POEMS.

The Masque of Mary, and other Poems. By Edward Caswall, of the Oratory, Birmingham. Burns and Lambert.

MR. CASWALL belongs to the class of meditative poets. Individually, as distinguished from his class, he is remarkable for an abstinence from the use of the sonnet, that perilous instrument of rhyme. Further, though he has none of the fire of the thoroughly Pindaric writer, or the pointed terseness of the Horatian, yet he has cast some of his best thoughts into the form of the irregular ode. And again, we note that, singularly enough, it is in these very odes that his versification is most musical, and that he attains such an animated flow of sound, that the ear scarcely detects the absence of rhyme, and is unconscious of that sensation of poverty of tone which is apt to creep upon it when the hesitating beat of modern rhythm is not assisted by a rhyming termination.

In many respects he reminds us of the poet Cowper; more perhaps in the cast of his mind than in his choice of subjects, or his mode of treatment. He is essentially a thoughtful man, and a man of refined tastes and affectionate character; and moreover he is an eminently sincere writer, and free from the tricks and cant of many a man who ought to be above such means of influencing his readers. It is, indeed, one of the charms of his volume that it bears the impress of genuineness throughout, and gives you a pleasant impression of the poet as a man and as a possible friend.

From Cowper Mr. Caswall differs in his almost entire neglect of such subjects as are supplied by human nature in its daily and hourly action. When not distinctly theological, metaphysical, or spiritual, he turns to the material universe,

or to some old reminiscence in his own mind ; whereas in Cowper, it is humanity, with its foibles, its passions, its weakness, and its strength, to which the poet incessantly recurs, whatever be the professed nature of his special subject. We could almost regret that Mr. Caswall is thus limited in his range, and cannot help imagining that it must be voluntary on his own part. There must be more in his mind than he has yet shown us in any part of the present volume. Where are any traces of the author of "The Art of Pluck"? We miss any tokens that Mr. Caswall yet preserves the wit, the ingenuity, the sense of the ridiculous, and the pointed force, which have given to that clever squib a place among the classics of comic literature.

In the present volume, the best poems are those which are not distinctly religious or, as in *The Masque of Mary*, dramatic. The translations, which make up a separate portion by themselves, are of course less interesting than the original pieces. We cannot but think, indeed, that it is generally a mistake to publish translations of the Latin hymns of the Breviary and other similar books, unless it be as a matter of curiosity. The great majority of these hymns derive their peculiar beauty from the language in which they are cast, more than from any thing essentially poetic in their matter. As a portion of a devotional whole, they are natural and appropriate ; and to the critical reader they possess an especial attractiveness from the neatness and epigrammatic propriety of their versification. But this neatness and epigrammatic propriety cannot, by the nature of the case, be transferred from one language to another ; for this reason, that it is essentially a *Latin* neatness and propriety. The moment you change Latin for English, you simply lose the peculiarly Latin excellence, and get only English poverty in exchange. Occasionally, no doubt, as in the "Dies Iræ," the old Church hymns possess an extraordinary amount of poetic, as distinguished from religious beauty of their own. But generally speaking the charm of these venerable hymns results from the religious merits of their substance, and the artistic versification with which this substance is compressed into a short series of well-sounding stanzas. If this estimate is correct, it goes far to account for the universal disappointment which those who admire the originals express when they read the very best of translations. Examine these versions critically, and side by side with the originals, and you may say, "How well they are done, how close to the Latin ; the very metre, the very order of the words, is preserved, and yet the versification flows on, and the rhymes are real rhymes." But

take them up by themselves, and the impression they make is but feeble; while the mere English reader wonders that any body could go to such lengths in their praise as he knows to be common among scholars and critics.

When poets write original pieces on distinctly theological or spiritual subjects, their difficulty is of another kind. It is surprising how seldom we meet with religious poetry which is neither tame nor rhetorically exaggerated. To use the modern phrase, it is the most "unreal" of all poetry. Not that its writers are dishonest, or that they deliberately talk "cant;" but that with all men it is always difficult in religious things to know where genuine and simple religious emotion ends, and a factitious interest and excitement of the nerves begins. So many religious persons consider it a sort of duty to be *consciously* impressed with the overwhelming greatness and importance of spiritual things, that they are in the habit of cultivating an emotional susceptibility in their own minds, which becomes almost a portion of their character, and to which they like to give frequent expression, whether forced or natural, or to hear it given by others. And this is the snare of the religious poet. He *knows* the ineffable grandeur and importance of the realities of religion, and the intensity of the interest which every enlightened mind feels in them. Accordingly he is often not satisfied when he writes verse, without attempting to express in an emotional way such a correspondence on his own part with these transcendent subjects as may show his profound appreciation of their real greatness. Hence it is that in "religious poetry" there is generally as much unreality as in the pious phraseology of people who think it a duty to employ the correct conventional expressions "suitable to the occasion," whether they are inclined or not to give utterance to any such ideas at all.

The extraordinary success of Keble's *Christian Year* is, we suspect, to be partly accounted for by his avoiding this error. Throughout that delightful book it is remarkable how little there is which is prominently or exclusively theological, or even devotional. The doctrinal and spiritual portions are skilfully interwoven with a vast variety of natural and poetical thoughts, of which the subjects are the visible universe and the world of action and feeling. Superficial critics sometimes object to the *Christian Year* on this ground, that, after all, it has not much of what they call religion in it. Yet this is one of its very greatest merits, and that which makes it so sincere and real a book and so agreeable to persons of a thoughtful turn of mind. Its author never strives to strain his words beyond his feelings, or to make up for the indis-

tinctness or feebleness of his intellectual conceptions by the rhetoric of excited nerves; and hence, we cannot but think, some degree of that popularity which his poems have attained and still retain,—a popularity wholly without precedent in the literature of religious verse.

Mr. Caswall's religious poems, on the contrary, are less satisfactory than those in which the religious element is rather implied than expressed. There is hardly a poem in the book, indeed, which has not something to recommend it; but the *poet* is to be seen in the "Miscellaneous Pieces" more than in the "Hymns and Meditative Pieces." A few quotations from the former will give the reader an idea of the character of Mr. Caswall's mind, and of the facility with which he can play upon his instrument. We have compared him to Cowper, rather as belonging to the same class than as writing on the same subjects. In one instance, however, he has given us a little poem which might have come direct from the pen of the poet of Olney, always excepting the last three stanzas of the "moral;" which we omit, as, however true in themselves, inapplicable to the incident told in the little poem:

" THE CAPTIVE LINNET.

This morn upon the May-tree tall
That shelters our suburban wall
A curious sight I spied,—
A linnet young, of plumage gay,
Fast to the trembling topmost spray
By strange misfortune tied.

There helpless dangling, all in vain
From his enthralling viewless chain
To loose himself he strove;
Till, spent at last, he hung as dead,
No more by brook and flowery mead
On happy wing to rove.

Then, pitying a fate so sad,
I call'd a little singing lad,
And bade him climb the tree;
With orders, at whatever cost,
Though e'en a blooming branch were lost,
To set the captive free.

With steady eye aloft he goes;
I trace him through the rustling boughs;
A joyous shout is heard;
Then, snowy white with tufts of May,
Down to my feet descends the spray,
And with the spray the bird.

I loos'd his bonds; away he flew;
And grateful, from a neighbouring yew
Repaid me with a song;

But what, think you, I found to be
The chain that in captivity
Had held him fast so long?
A single thread of silken hair,
That, borne by zephyrs here and there,
Had settled on the spray;
Then, as he sported there, had wound
His soft and glossy neck around,
And bound him fast a prey.

MORAL.

Ye children of the world, beware!
Too oft a lock of silken hair
Has made the soul a prize;
And held it riveted to earth,
When, by the instinct of its birth,
It should have sought the skies."

The stanzas entitled "Hope and Memory" supply a specimen of another kind. It is in this happy expression of a single thought or a natural emotion that Mr. Caswall is most completely at home. The verses are more than pretty:

"There are two Beings, rich in wondrous powers,
Twin sisters, kindly wont to dwell with man:
One owns the treasures of all future hours;
The other grasps the past within her span;—
Hope ever smiling, bright with thousand dyes
From the gay hues distill'd of golden morn;
And Memory breathing softly-soothing sighs,
Sweet as the rose, yet not without its thorn.
These two together, through life's weary way
Trip hand in hand, and scatter fairy flowers;
Together breathe around inspiring day,
And water desert earth with genial showers.
Apart—so speaks a voice from yonder grave—
The power of each to bless, no more may last;
Without a future, who the past would crave?
And who a future, if denied the past?"

It is in the poems at the commencement of the second section that Mr. Caswall rises highest, and gives an earnest of a latent power and vigour, both of imagination and language, which is seldom attained by professedly religious poets. The "Vision of Waters" is a noble ode; but we prefer for extract a few lines from the "Ode to the Winds:"

"For tranquil is the Air,
In her own nature view'd;
God's wondrous instrument
Of manifold design,
Answering to many ends!
A harp invisible,
Rich with unnumber'd tones!
A magic scroll, on which the tongue of man
Writes at his will irrevocable words!

A mirror of our thoughts
 By speech reflected forth!
 Our life-blood's food!
 A censer laden with all Nature's incense!
 A treasure-house of dew and quick'ning showers!
 The fuel of all fires!
 A crystal screen betwixt the sun and earth,
 Blending all rays, and melting light's sharp edge!
 An ocean all unseen,
 This earth encircling round,
 Wherein we walk, and know it not,
 As men upon the bottom of the deep!
 A globe immense,
 Receptacle of Nature's divers forms,
 Abode of countless mutabilities,
 Itself from age to age
 The same abiding still!"

All this is as spontaneous in expression as it is indicative of that habitual study of nature in all her moods without which no man can be a poet, or at least can escape beyond a very limited range of thought. We can only regret that Mr. Caswall has not extended his view more widely into the region of actual humanity, and varied his volume with a few poems of a less subjective type. That he has the gift in him we cannot but believe; and as he is evidently a man who must and will write, we hope that when we next meet him in print his range of subjects will not be so exclusively grave and strictly theological.

One word, too, by way of minute criticism. Wherever he can detect a reminiscence of other poets in his lines, it would be well to obliterate it without mercy; and at the same time to forbear any mode of treating a theme in such a manner as will lead the reader to say, that is just like so-and-so, or so-and-so. As instances of our meaning, we may name "The Easter Ship," which instantly suggests Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner;" and the stanzas called "Sunday," which send us back to "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." "Summer's Departure," again, recalls at once Tom Moore and Isaac Watts; and the "countless smile of ocean" in another poem is too palpably the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* of the Greek poet to pass unremarked.

Among the republished poems, too, we remark some alterations not always for the better. The hymn to the Infant Jesus asleep is one of the most charming little things of the kind in existence. Its sweetness, its pathos, and its tenderness only strengthen the vividness with which it paints the sacred scene before us. But what moment of submission to the genius of "commonplace,"—if "commonplace" can possess such a thing as a genius,—induced Mr. Caswall to change

"Sleep, Jesus, sleep," into "Sleep, Holy Babe;" and "O Mary blest" into "O Lady blest"? Why, the *names* are every thing in a passage like this!

We notice these little blemishes, because we think that Mr. Caswall has conferred a real benefit on the Catholic reading world by presenting it with the volume before us, and because its merits are so decided that they will well bear a *bonâ-fide* criticism in matters of detail.

A BIBLE-DISTRIBUTOR PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

The Romany Rye. By C. Borrow. 2 vols. Murray.

"WHY does God command impossibilities?" asks the Calvinist; and he answers, "To make us know we are but evil."

A farmer was mending his fences: his little boy was helping him, bringing this tool or that piece of wood,—just the one which was not wanted,—when at last the father called out to him, "Jack, if thou must be meddling, go and shoe the goslings." A plausible expedient this; the task was attractive to the boy, who had often pitied the poor geese for having to go barefoot. If it had been practicable, the result would have been too insignificant to cocker the child's conceit; but it was impracticable, and so apt to teach him his own worthlessness. Calvin would have us believe that God took a lesson of the farmer. Bored by mankind, He gave them a task to perform; He gave them the Ten Commandments, a law which their heart told them was holy and just: by fulfilling which, according to Calvin, they could gain no good; but which being impossible, made them come to know that they were utterly evil.

The farmer, however, committed one oversight: he did not remember that Jack, after finding how impossible it was to shoe the goslings, might probably turn to plucking them alive, or running pins into their eyes, or similar amenities; a prone conclusion for a child when he has once made the discovery that he is but evil, and that he must do something.

Just this result has happened from the Calvinists' attempts to fulfil one of the "impossible" commandments of the new law: "Go, make disciples of all nations." They tried it; they spent millions on their Bibles, and sent agents into all lands to distribute them: they might have distributed so much waste-paper. So they have tired of shoeing the goslings, and begin now to pluck them alive: finding themselves im-

potent for good, they turn their hand to a more easy task, the propagation of evil.

Hence their Bible Societies, instead of labouring to consolidate their own communions, or to convert pagans, now address themselves almost exclusively to Catholic populations, to tear them from the communion of the Church, and to uproot all the good that has been planted by the labours of centuries. We might tell how their wretched agents crawl over the Continent, catching here and there a faithless husband, a scolding wife, a bad son, or—dearest prize of all—an incontinent priest; confirming them in their infamy by giving it the mask of piety; establishing libertinism as a religion, and calling it Protestantism; attempting, not to implant a single conviction, but to undermine all faith; preaching, not love to God, but hatred to priests and nuns, and blasphemy towards the Saviour upon the altar; inculcating, not a desire for purity, but a sympathy with sin; acting the part of the Pharisees, who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, only to render him ten times more the child of hell than themselves. The Bishop of Bruges has lately published a little book,* in which he admirably exposes the doctrines of these wolves in sheep's clothing. Mr. Borrow exposes himself, and lays bare the wolf's heart that beats beneath the woolly disguise of the Bible-distributors.

The Romany Rye, or gipsy lad, is a sequel to *Lavengro*. Like all his books, it is a piece of egotism; Borrow, like Bottom, loving to play all parts, and exhibit himself in all phases of folly. His motto is, "Take your own part, boy; for if you don't, no one will take it for you." But this rule admits of exceptions. King Borrow is not satisfied unless others take his part for him. In the preface to this book he expresses his wrath at people for supposing that *Lavengro* was written to add fuel to "the Popish agitation" of 1850 and 1851 (for of course the Durham epistle, and its consequences, were purely Popish productions); and he declares that it was the "duty" of his publisher to have rebutted a statement which he knew to be a calumny. A truly traitorous neglect in the bibliopole!

We first find the Romany Rye in a dingle, living in suspicious intimacy with a young female; but we are warned not to be shocked, even though "when Ryes and Rawnies live together in dingles it has the appearance of something in the roving and uncertificated line." Borrow would have us suppose that there is no danger for him or his in occasions which would certainly slay the soul of a less perfect Chris-

* *La Fausseté du Protestantisme démontrée.*

tian. In the dingle we are introduced to "the man in black," who purports to be "*un prete cattolico apostolico*;" with whom the Romany Rye holds conferences on Popery. We are told that this suspicious personage is

"a learned, intelligent, but highly unprincipled person, of a character, however, very common among the priests of Rome, who in general are people void of all religion; and who, notwithstanding they are tied to Rome by a band which they have neither the power nor the wish to break, turn her and her practices, over their cups with their confidential associates, to a ridicule only exceeded by that to which they turn those who become the dupes of their mistress and themselves."

We must be careful how we doubt Mr. Borrow. He tells us that "he knows more than any Roman Catholic in existence" about our religion. He is as much entitled to credence as any one else who has sat on the Delphic tripod, has inhaled the fumes of the pit, or has been the interpreter of the oracles of the man in black. Listen to more of his utterances :

"Popery is the great lie of the world; a source from which more misery and social degradation have flowed upon the human race than from all the other sources from which those evils come. It is the oldest of all superstitions; and though in Europe it assumes the name of Christianity, it existed and flourished amidst the Himalayan hills at least 2000 years before the real Christ was born in Bethlehem of Juda: in a word, it is Buddhism; and let those who may be disposed to doubt this assertion compare the Popery of Rome, and the superstitious practices of its followers, with the doings of the priests who surround the Grand Lama, and the mouthings, bellowing, turnings-round, and, above all, the penances of the followers of Buddh, with those of Roman devotees."

The religion and its minister being thus described, the following conversation takes place :

"Can your Church work miracles?" asked the Romany Rye. "That was the very question," said the man in black, "which the ancient British clergy asked of Austin Monk, after they had been fools enough to acknowledge their own inability. "We don't pretend to work miracles; do you?" "O dear me, yes," said Austin; "we find no difficulty in the matter. We can raise the dead; we can make the blind see: and to convince you, I will give sight to the blind. Here is this blind Saxon, whom you cannot cure, but on whose eyes I will manifest my power, in order to show the difference between the true and the false Church:" and forthwith, with the assistance of a handkerchief and a little hot water, he opened the eyes of the barbarian. So we manage matters! A pretty Church, that old British Church, which could not work miracles: quite as

helpless as the modern one. The fools! was birdlime so scarce a thing amongst them? and were the properties of warm water so unknown to them that they could not close a pair of eyes and open them?"

Again: it is the Romany Rye who speaks:

"One thing connected with you I cannot understand: you call yourself a thorough-going Papist; yet are continually saying the most pungent things against Popery, and turning to unbounded ridicule those who show any inclination to embrace it.

'Rome is a very sensible old body,' said the man in black; 'and little cares what her children say, provided they do her bidding. She knows several things, and amongst others, that no servants work so hard and faithfully as those who curse their masters at every stroke they do.'

'Never will I become the slave of Rome,' said the Romany Rye.

'She will allow you latitude,' said the man in black; 'do but serve her, and she will allow you to call her ——— * at a decent time and place; her Popes occasionally call her ———. A Pope has been known to start from his bed at midnight, and rush out into the corridor, and call out ——— three times, in a voice that pierced the Vatican,' " &c. &c.

After four or five chapters of such teaching, the theological novelist launches forth into a description of the adventures of the gipsy-lad in his various characters of tinker, postillion, and ostler, mingled with highly appropriate excursions into the domains of philology. But he cannot help turning again ever and anon upon poor Popery for a fresh bite, and that from no other motive "save the abhorrence of an honest heart for what is base and cruel." With these feelings, he tells us he once entered into the service of a certain society which had the overthrow of Popery in view, and went to Spain with its colours in his hat, and

"O, the blood glows in my veins! O, the marrow awakes in my old bones, when I think what I accomplished in Spain in the cause of religion and civilisation, with the colours of that society on my hat, and its weapon in my hand, even the sword of the Word of God;—how with that weapon I hewed right and left, making the priests fly before me, and run away squeaking: *Vaya! que demonio es este!*—'What a devil he is!'"

What a pity that this story is not true, in order that we might really give the priests credit for so probable a conclusion. But unhappily the lies are like the father that begets them, gross, open, palpable; Borrow pursuing the priests with the sword of the Word of God is like Falstaff following up his men in buckram, coming in foot and hand, and paying

* We will not sully our pages by printing the disgusting word.

off seven of the eleven with a thought—certainly with nothing else. Borrow is the first half of Falstaff—false; but we beg the fat knight's pardon for mentioning him in such company. The Bible Society, whose cockade our author mounted, "is poor, and is supported, like its founder Christ, by poor people;" and is moreover

"in such disfavour with the dastardly great, to whom the government of England has for many years been confided, that having borne its colours only for a month would be sufficient to exclude any man, whatever his talents, his learning, or his courage may be, from the slightest chance of being permitted to serve his country, either for fee or without."

Alas! can it be that our rulers have refused to accept Mr. Borrow's services? Has he mistaken his vocation, and asked for the wrong post? Perhaps he has been refused a collectorship of customs, or a clerk's place in the Admiralty. Let him put off his false modesty, and ask for that which nature evidently meant him for; let him go to Lord Shaftesbury and demand a bishopric: there he may find a fair field in which he may "hold up to contempt and execration the practices and priestcraft of Rome," and may show the world that "there is no person better acquainted than himself, not even amongst the choicest spirits of the priesthood, with the origin and history of Popery." Even if he is not quite as well qualified for the apron and ruffles as any other whom Anthony the Bishop-maker has advanced to the bench, he is far before any in literary acquirements; and is not much behind the best in his knowledge of the usual theology taught to Protestants. As for Popery, his curiosity about it was aroused, he tells us, when he was quite young; and he spared himself no trouble, either by travel or study, to make himself well acquainted with it in all its phases: and the result has been a hatred of it which he hopes and trusts he shall retain till the moment his spirit quits his body. Yet he is careful to disclaim bigotry: his proof is of the drollest; he cannot be a bigot, because he belongs to the Church of England:

"The writer is a very pretty bigot, truly! Where will the public find traces of bigotry in any thing he has written? He has written against Rome with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength. But as a person may be quite honest, and speak and write against Rome, in like manner he may speak and write against her, and be quite free from bigotry; though it is impossible for any one but a bigot or a bad man to write or speak in her praise,—her doctrines, actions and machinations being what they are—bigotry! The author was born, and has always continued, in the wrong Church for bigotry, the quiet unpretending Church of England; a

Church which, had it been a bigoted Church, and not long-suffering almost to a fault, might, with its opportunities, as the priest says in the text, have stood in a very different position from that which it at present occupies. No; let those who are in search of bigotry seek for it in a Church very different from the inoffensive Church of England, which never encourages cruelty or calumny. Let them seek for it amongst the members of the Church of Rome, and more especially amongst those who have renegaded to it. There is nothing, however false and horrible, which a pervert to Rome will not say for his Church, and which his priests will not encourage him in saying; and there is nothing, however horrible—the more horrible, indeed, and revolting to human nature, the more eager he would be to do it—which he will not do for it, and which his priests will not encourage him in doing.”

In the midst of all this rant, there come wonderful puffs of his own performance. “No work was ever offered to the public in which the kindness and providence of God have been set forth with more striking examples, or the machinations of priestcraft more truly or lucidly exposed.” With these materials, our readers may form their own conclusion about the modesty, humility, meekness, patience, charity, veracity, and purity of this new apostle. And is he an exception to the average? Not a bit. Luther was just like him in dog-faced effrontery; Jewell was an equally courageous liar; every one of his virtues is copied from those of the great Reformers, even down to his licentiousness. And we see that these volumes have reached a second edition; so he has a congenial audience, probably among the poor creatures who give their money to the Bible Societies.

We said that Ultra-Protestantism was divided into two branches, one more respectable than the other; though the respectable Protestant would doubtless loudly blame Mr. Borrow, yet we fear he has no objection to using him. Such are the tactics of the party,—to keep always a decent front towards the enemy, but to act by that which it keeps behind; its sting is in its tail. In front, gravity, gray heads, and uplifted eyes—your Wilberforces, your Puseys, and your Sumners; behind, a mass of filth—Borrows and Achillis, and a crew of the like, who fester together, and spread the pestilence of their opinions, as masses of putrefaction spread fevers. And the masks in front have too often no objection to patronise openly some of the doings of the crew behind. The Bishop of Oxford will write an abominable sermon on the Immaculate Conception, to be carried about by *colporteurs* like Borrow: he cannot come out of this Babylon; he has his foot deep in this mire, and cannot, or will not, draw it out. Poor

people ! it is the only element of power that they have : aloft they are weak as Antæus in the arms of Hercules ; they gather strength from contact with the mud whence they sprung.

These volumes finish with a puff of *Lavengro*, which was "written to inculcate virtue and genuine religion, and to awaken a contempt for nonsense of every kind, and a hatred of priestcraft, especially that of Rome." They end with some abusive lines of the profligate Rochester, who was a "great poet," and who "died a sincere penitent—thanks, after God, to good Bishop Burnet."—Following this cue, we will conclude our paper with a monumental character of this prelate of "the unpretending and long-suffering-almost-to-a-fault Church of England," as depicted by one of her own poets :

" Here Sarum lies, who was as wise
And learn'd as Tom Aquinas ;
Lawn sleeves he wore, but was no more
A Christian than Socinus.

Oaths pro and con he swallow'd down,
Loved gold like any layman ;
He preach'd and pray'd, and then betray'd
God's holy Church for Mammon.

If such a soul to heaven stole,
And 'scaped the devil's fires,
I do presume there may be room
For Borrow and such liars."*

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Life of St. Joseph. By F. Joseph Ignatius Vallejo, S.J. (Dublin, Duffy.) This volume of hagiography is far more critical and learned than such books usually are ; indeed, it sometimes carries its discussions into the regions of prolixity and tediousness ; witness the disquisition on the exact time when St. Joseph was purified from the stains of nature—whether before or after birth. Nevertheless we are bound to say that it is just such a life as we most approve of, never recounting wonders without discussing the authority on which they rest, and being full of references to and explanations of points of history, antiquities, doctrine, and morals. The translation is hardly worthy of the work.

* This last verse is slightly altered from the original, which runs thus :

" If such a soul to heaven stole,
And 'scaped the devil's clutches,
I do presume there may be room
For Marlbro' and his duchess."

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

St. Charles Borromeo's Instructions on Ecclesiastical Building. Translated and annotated by G. J. Wigley; with Illustrations by S. J. Nicholl, Architect. (London, Dolman.) We first called attention to St. Charles's important work in a review some few years ago. The effect of our notice is Mr. Wigley's translation, to which we cannot but wish well. The translator says that he was surprised and delighted to find the little work codifying the dispersed notions on ecclesiastical structures, and calculated to impress architects with a notion of the minute study and attention necessary to produce a suitable and well-arranged church, and of the paramount necessity of studying and attending to arrangement. The notes and illustrations call attention to the way in which the directions are exemplified in Rome; and are intended to assist in removing from our English Catholic architecture the Anglican tendency with which it is threatened. As this is almost an echo of what we said, we need scarcely say how entirely we agree with Mr. Wigley, and how glad we are to see the matter taken up in so sensible a way by the "president of the Architectural Association, London." We wish we could commend the style of the translation. However, it is intelligible, and appears to be literal.

Landmarks of History: Modern History from the Reformation to the Fall of Napoleon. By the Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." (London, Mozley.) The author of the "Heir of Redclyffe" is quite able to write a good book; and, indeed, this little history for Protestants is a great improvement on the unprincipled farrago they have been used to; nevertheless it contains proofs of the innate absurdity of the transitional Anglicanism of the present day, and of the manner in which the eyes and minds of Puseyites are distorted when they have to view large questions of morals. Speaking of the Council of Trent, the author says, "It was no true council; though, until its decrees shall be revised and altered by a true œcumenical council of the whole Church Catholic, such as were the first seven, the Roman communion continues bound by it, and remains in schism from the rest of the universal Church." It was no true council; yet we are bound to abide by it, though by abiding by it we remain in schism!—that is, we are obliged to be schismatics! No wonder that Anglicans can defend their own position, when they can explain ours in this way. If the Council of Trent can oblige us to be schismatics, they can have no difficulty in believing that the Thirty-nine Articles oblige them to be heretics.

Correspondence.

CAMPION AND HIS CONFESSIONS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

[This letter reached us too late for insertion in our last Number.—Ed.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I make no doubt that your sense of justice will afford me a brief space in your pages. I wish to make a few very brief remarks, not on opinions, but on certain statements of facts which

appeared in two articles of your Number for November last. I must apologise, indeed, for not having made them in your *last* Number; but I think I need not enter into an explanation of what was a mere oversight.

1. In the article, "Was Campion a Traitor to his Brethren?" the authority of the "eye-witness," when stating the last words of Campion, is summarily swept away with the assertion, that he invented those words "in true historiographical style." There is no proof alleged. Now, Sir, I ask, is this criticism?

That some writers of those days invented speeches, like Livy, there is no doubt. But to include in such a category the brief and often rugged writers quoted in Challoner, is something new indeed; and something, I venture to say, that requires proof. Will your contributor kindly enlighten the public on this head?

2. To the conclusions which he draws from the rackings and disputations of Campion, I do not intend to say any thing; but upon one point I may make an observation. Rishton's statement respecting the number of rackings should not be taken quite literally. If in his Diary he says three times, in his Continuation of Sanders he says three *or four* times ("Questioni ter aut quater . . . subjicitur;" the page before 191).

3. As my name occurs more than once in the article alluded to, I shall perhaps, if I remain entirely silent regarding the review of my Church History, appear to give a tacit consent to several inaccuracies in that article. I am, for instance, called to task for not having consulted Cressy. Had, however, the reviewer remembered my preface, he would have borne in mind that my narrative professed to be drawn only "from authors either actually contemporary, or, where such do not exist, from the nearest that can be found." Had he, moreover, really examined Cressy, he would have found that that laborious writer has embodied in his work, not the contemporary authors themselves, but certain *passages*, generally of no great length; and these passages, moreover, *translated* into English!

With regard to Ina, if the reviewer had consulted the index, under the head "School," he would have found some slight mention of that king, but not "as a founder of religious establishments, one of which, in an altered form, is in full vigour at Rome even to this day;" for the connection between the English college at Rome and the Saxon school has been proved by Tierney to be purely imaginary.

The reviewer's reference to Lanfranc and the see of St. Martin's is obscure, but seems to mean that all notice of this point of history has been omitted by me, since it has, he says, been omitted by "all." If such were his meaning, a glance at the index would have undeceived him.

Had I not felt it a duty to protest against the manner in which Campion's biographer is thrust aside, I would never have troubled you with these remarks; I would have left my History, even in mere matters of fact, to be its own defence.—I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

T. CANON FLANAGAN.

Sedgley Park, Dec. 16, 1857.

[With respect to the objections of this letter, the first we have answered in an article about Campion; to the second we reply, that we believe Mr. Flanagan is right in supposing that he was racked a fourth time; but this was after October 31, and therefore does not in the least injure our argument. With regard to Cressy, we hinted our regret that

Mr. Flanagan had so confined his search to the ordinary published materials, that he had not consulted even the catalogue of Mss. in the library of Douai, where any historian would suppose that many treasures might be found, and where certainly a very valuable unpublished portion of Cressy's great work does exist. Mr. Flanagan replies that he only consults original works, not compilations. We ask, in return, how does he know what original works to look for, if he neglects to consult the historians that have preceded him? Mr. Flanagan only mentions Ina in a note, in the period of Queen Elizabeth; he is quite forgotten in his proper place. His ecclesiastical establishment at Rome is, we imagine, continued in the Ospedale di San Spirito. As to the see of St. Martin, we were mistaken in supposing that Mr. Flanagan omitted to mention it; but we look in vain for any elucidation of the point, which might naturally have been connected with the peculiar institution of suffragan bishops in England, at first with sees *in partibus infidelium*, but by Act 26 Henry VIII. c. 14 (after the schism) with sees in English towns, probably on the precedent of the see of St. Martin, abolished by Lanfranc. It is a point that ought to be cleared up.—ED.]

TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—I believe that the task of correcting the Douai and Rheims version of the Scriptures has been committed to Dr. Newman and other competent scholars. Will you allow me, through your pages, to make a suggestion that may possibly be useful to them? I suppose that the problem they have to solve is this: given the Vulgate, and the scarcely less latinised version of the Douai translators, as their basis, to dress this out as much as possible in plain Saxon. Now it may help them, to remember that there exists a cognate language to ours, the Flemish, in which there is scarcely a Latin root; that in this language there exists a version of the Scriptures made from the Vulgate, yet containing no word that is not of the broadest Saxon type. Surely this version might furnish many useful hints to our translators. For instance, what can be better Saxon than the “Wee aen u, schynheilige schriftgeleerden en Phariseërs!”—“Woe to you, sham-holy scripture-teachers and Pharisees,” instead of “scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!” What stronger word than *skin-holiness* for hypocrisy?

I do not at all mean to say this boorish version is to be implicitly followed; but I think it will be found a wholesome weight to put into the scales, to prevent the ear being led captive by the Latin of the Vulgate and the Gallicisms of Douai and Rheims.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
LECTOR.

ERRATUM.

In January Number, p. 34, line 11 from top, for *friend* read *fiend*.

London: Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street and Fetter Lane, E.C.